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POEMS

BY

MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE

MOTHER'S DREAM,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

HANNAH F. GOULD.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Blowing Bubbles,	1
Infant Faith,	4
Patty Proud,	6
I caught a Bird,	9
The Flower of Shells and Silver Wire,	11
The little Blind Boy,	12
The Sale of the Water Lily,	13
The Silver Birdsnest,	18
The Quaker Flower,	20
The Humming-Bird's Anger,	22
The Sabbath,	24
The departing Spirit,	26
Sonnet,	27
Father, hear,	28
The Pilgrim's Way Song,	29
The rising Monument,	31
A Name in the Sand,	34
A Child of a Year and a Day,	35
The Believer's Mountains,	38
The Night and the Morning,	41
I shall be satisfied,	44
The Penitential Tear,	46
The Teachings of God,	48
The Herald's Cry in the Desert,	50
Our Father's Well,	52
The Mother's Dream,	56

Page

The War Spirit on Bunker's Height, - - - - 60
The inner Self, - - - - - - - 64
Time, - - - - - - - - - 67
My Head, - - - - - - - - 71
The Wheat Field, - - - - - - - - 74
The little Traveller, - - - - - - 76
The entangled Fly, - - - - - - 78
The Peach Blossoms, - - - - - - - 80
The broken Pipe, - - - - - - - 82
Vivy Vain, - - - - - - - - 85
The Mocking-Bird, - - - - - - 89
The Bird's Home, - - - - - - - 92
The Bird uncaged, - - - - - - - 93
Dame Biddy, - - - - - - - - 95
The envious Lobster, - - - - - - 100
Kit with the Rose, - - - - - - - 102
The Storm in the Forest, - - - - - 104
The uprooted Elm, - - - - - - - 106
Through the Clouds, - - - - - - 108
My Rose Tree, - - - - - - - 110
The Infant Baptist, - - - - - - - 113
Hymn to Solitude, - - - - - - - 115
The Bible in the Fields, - - - - - - 117
The hoary Head, - - - - - - - 120
My Father, - - - - - - - - 121
A Sage hath departed, - - - - - - 124
The Burial of Schiller, - - - - - - 126
Funeral Hymn for President Harrison, - - - 129
Dirge for Felicia Hemans, - - - - - 131
She died, as dawned her Natal Day, - - - 133
Written in an Album, after the Lines of a deceased Friend, 134
The Sovereign of Babylon, - - - - - - 135
The Deer Stricken by Torch-light, - - - - 137
The Death of Sapphira, - - - - - - 139
William at Sea, - - - - - - - - 142
My Portrait, - - - - - - - - 146
The Widow's only Son, - - - - - - - 148
The Young Mother, - - - - - - - 150
Evening at Andover Seminary Hill, - - - - 152
Hymn of the parting Class, - - - - - - 155
The speckled one, - - - - - - - 157

	Page
The Moon of a Wintry Night,	161
Tom Tar,	165
The Seaman's Hymn,	170
The Mariner's Song of Departure,	172
The Sea Eagle's Fall,	174
The caged Lion,	177
The Traveller at the Red Sea,	179
The Hebrew Captives,	181
Fragments from "Esther," a Poem,	182
Gone in her Beauty,	185
The Nun,	187
Trees for the Pilgrim's Wreath,	193
The Mushroom's Soliloquy,	194
The Spirit and the Mountain,	195
The Fall of the Statue,	197
The Bird's Maternal Care,	201
Song,	205
The White Moth,	207
Edward and Charles,	209
Music of the Crickets,	213
Childhood's Dream,	216
The Fruit Tree Blossom,	218
The Plymouth Apple declined,	220
The half Apple,	222
The Horticulturist's Table-Hymn,	224
The Whip-poor-will,	227
The Autumnal Rose-bud,	230
To L. A. E. on her Wedding-day,	231
To Mrs. H. F. L.	233
Music,	235

POEMS.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Half our sorrows, half our troubles,
  Making head and heart to ache,
Are the fruit of blowing bubbles,
  Bright to view, but quick to break.

All have played the child imbecile,
  Breathing hard to swell the sides
Of a shining, fluid vessel,
  Frailer than the air it rides.

From the infant's cradle rising,
  All the bubble mania show,
Oft our richest wealth comprising
  In the bubbles that we blow.

Brilliant, buoyant, upward going,
  Pleased, we mark them in their flight,
Every hue of iris showing,
  As they glance along the light.

Little castles, high and airy,
With their crystal walls so thin,
Each presents the wicked fairy,
Vanity, enthroned within!

But when two have struck together,
What of either do we find?
Not so much as one gay feather
Flying Hope has left behind!

Still the world are busy, blowing,
Every one, some empty ball;
So the seeds of mischief sowing,
Where, to burst, the bubbles fall.

Nor for self alone to gather,
Is our evil harvest found;
Oft, with pipe and cup, we rather
Step upon our neighbor's ground.

Thus, amusing one another,
While the glistening playthings rise,
We may doom a friend or brother
To a life of care and sighs.

Do you doubt my simple story?
I can point a thousand ways
Where this bubble-making glory
Has in darkness hid its rays!

Yet we 'll spare a slight confusion
  Caused the world by giving names;
Since a right to some delusion
  Every one from nature claims!

INFANT FAITH.

Radiant with his spirit's light
  Was the little beauteous child,
Sporting round a fountain bright,
  Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grow he lightly stepped,
  Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leaped,
  Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters welled,
  Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held,
  Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill;
  Then he bore it to the flowers,
Through his fingers there to spill
  What it held, in mimic showers.

"Open, pretty buds," said he,
  "Open to the air and sun;
So, to-morrow I may see
  What my rain to-day has done.

"Yes, you will, you will, I know,
  For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups, and blow,
  When I'm gone, and can't tell how!

"Oh! I wish I could but see
How God's finger touches you,
When your sides unclasp, and free,
Let your leaves and odors through.

"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made.

"Now remember! I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you some
With your brightest colors spread!"

To his buds he hastened out,
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"

Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him, who saith,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Answered, by the smile of heaven,
Is the infant's offering found,
Though "a cup of water given,"
Even to the thirsty ground.

PATTY PROUD.

The figure before you is Miss Patty Proud:
Her feelings are lowery, her frown like a cloud;
Because proud Miss Patty can hardly endure
To come near the lowly abode of the poor.

She fears the plain floor of the humble will spoil
Her silk shoes and hose, and her skirt-bottom soil;
And so she goes winching; and holds up her dress
So high, it were well if her heels would show less.

But when she walks through the fine streets of the
town,
She puts on fine airs, and displays her rich gown;
Till some, whom she passes, will think of the bird
Renowned for gay feathers, whose name you have
heard.

In thought she is trifling — in manner as vain
As that silly fowl, taking pride in his train;
And none, who have marked her, will need to be
told
That she has a heart hard, and haughty, and cold.

I saw, when she met some poor children one day,
Who asked her for alms, she turned frowning
away;
And told them, "Poor people must work, to be fed,
And not trouble ladies, to help them to bread."

And just as the sad little mendicants said,
Their mother was dying, their father was dead,
She entered a store, with a smooth, smiling face,
To lay out her purse in gay ribbons and lace.

I saw her curl up her sour lip in disdain,
Because Ellen Pitiful picked up the cane,
A feeble old man had let fall in the sand,
And placed it again in his tremulous hand.

But little does haughty Miss Patty suppose,
Of all, whom she visits, that any one knows
How stern she can look, when she 's out of their sight,
And fret at the servants, if all is not right.

At home, she 's unyielding, and sullen, and cross:
Her friends, when she 's absent, esteem it no loss;
And some, where she visits, in secret confess,
That they love her no more, though they dread her much less.

The truth is, Miss Patty, when young, never tried
To govern her temper, or conquer her pride.
The passions, unchecked in the heart of the child,
Like weeds in a garden neglected, ran wild.

They grew with her growth, with her strength became strong:
Her head, not then righted, has ever been wrong;

And so she would never submit to be told
Of faults, by long habit made stubborn and bold.

And now, among all my young friends, is there
one,—
A fair little girl is there under the sun,
Who 'd rise to a woman, and have it allowed
That she is a likeness of Miss Patty Proud?

I CAUGHT A BIRD.

I CAUGHT a bird: She flitted by,
So near my window lifted high,
She softly ventured in, to spy
What I might be about:
And then, a little wildered thing,
Like many a one without a wing,
She fluttered, struck, and seemed to sing,
"Alas! I can't get out."

She saw her kindred on the tree
Before her, sporting light and free;
But felt a power, she could not see,
Repel and hold her back.
In vain her beak, and breast, and feet
Against the crystal pane were beat:
She could not break the clear deceit,
Nor find her airy track.

The pretty wanderer then I took;
And felt her frame with terror shook:
She gave the sad and piteous look
Of helplessness and fear;
Till quick I spread my hand, to show,
I caught her but to let her go;
And I, perhaps, may never know
A dearer moment here.

She piped a short and sweet adieu,
As, humming on the air, she threw
Her brilliant, buoyant wing, and flew
Away from fear and me:
But, ere the hour of setting sun,
That little constant, grateful one,
Returning, had her hymn begun
In our old rustling tree.

Now do not take the fatal aim,
My tender bird to kill, or maim;
Nor let the fatal shot proclaim
Her anguish, or her fall!
But, would you know the bird I mean,
She is the first that will be seen —
The last — and every one between:
She represents them all!

THE FLOWER OF SHELLS AND SILVER WIRE.

TO ———.

I SOUGHT a meet gift, it might please thee to wear
Among the soft locks of thy fine silken hair;
And asked the two deeps for some treasure or gem,
By nature first formed and imbosomed in them.

The mine gave me threads of its fine silver ore;
The ocean cast up its smooth shells to the shore:
Of these I combined the free offering, that now
I bring, and would set o'er thy fair, peaceful brow.

The shells, thou wilt see, are unsullied and white;
The silver is modest, and precious, and bright, —
A type! thy quick fancy will readily see,
Yet thou 'lt not confess what its meaning may be.

And let the gift sometimes recall to thy mind
The friend, by whose hand its pure parts were combined;
But, oftener, that Friend, in whose hand was the skill
The earth and the seas with their treasures to fill!

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

O TELL me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gently the curls of my hair!
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
But gives me no answer, though often I speak:
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and light,
And yet cannot touch it, because I 've no sight!

And music — what is it? and where does it dwell?
I sink, and I mount, with its cadence and swell,
While thrilled to my heart, with its deep-going
strain,
Till pleasure excessive seems turning to pain.
Now, what the bright colors of music may be,
Will any one tell me? for I cannot see.

The odors of flowers, that are hovering nigh —
What are they? — on what kind of wings do they
fly?
Are not they sweet angels, who come to delight
A poor little boy, that knows nothing of sight?
The sun, moon and stars never enter my mind.
O tell me what light is, because I am blind!

THE SALE OF THE WATER-LILY.

THERE stood upon the broad high-road,
That o'er a moorland lay,
A widow's low and lone abode,
And close beside the way.

Upon its face the dwelling bore
The signs of times within,
That seemed to say but little more
Than, "*Better days have been!*"

Behind it was the sedgy fen,
With alder, brake, and brush;
And less to serve the wants of men,
Than of the jay and thrush.

And these would sometimes come, and cheer
The widow with a song,
To let her feel a neighbor near,
And wing an hour along.

A pond, supplied by hidden springs,
With lilies bordered round,
Was found among the richest things,
That blessed the widow's ground.

She had, besides, a gentle brook,
That wound the meadow through,
Which from the pond its being took,
And had its treasures too.

Her eldest orphan was a son;
For, children she had three;
She called him, though a little one,
Her hope for days to be.

And well he might be reckoned so,
If, from the tender shoot,
We know the way the branch will grow;
Or, by the flower, the fruit.

His tongue was true, his mind was bright;
His temper smooth and mild:
He was — the parent's chief delight —
A good and pleasant child.

He 'd gather chips and sticks of wood,
The winter fire to make;
And help his mother dress their food,
Or tend the baking cake.

In summer time he 'd kindly lead
His little sisters out,
To pick wild berries on the mead,
And fish the brook for trout.

He stirred his thoughts for ways to earn
Some little gain; and hence,
Contrived the silver pond to turn,
In part, to silver pence.

He found the lilies blooming there
So spicy sweet to smell,

And to the eye so pure and fair,
  He plucked them up to sell.

He could not to the market go:
  He had too young a head,
The distant city's ways to know;
  The route he could not tread.

But, when the coming coach-wheels rolled,
  To pass his humble cot,
His bunch of lilies to be sold
  Was ready on the spot.

He'd stand beside the way, and hold
  His treasures up to show,
That looked like yellow stars of gold
  Just set in leaves of snow.

"O buy my lilies!" he would say;
  "You'll find them new and sweet:
So fresh from out the pond are they,
  I have n't dried my feet!"

And then he showed the dust that clung
  Upon his garment's hem,
Where late the water-drops had hung,
  When he had gathered them.

And while the carriage checked its pace,
  To take the lilies in,
His artless orphan tongue and face
  Some bright return would win.

For many a noble stranger's hand,
With open purse, was seen,
To cast a coin upon the sand,
Or on the sloping green.

And many a smiling lady threw
The child a silver piece;
And thus, as fast as lilies grew,
He saw his wealth increase.

While little more — and little more,
Was gathered by their sale,
His widowed mother's frugal store
Would never wholly fail.

For He, who made, and feeds the bird,
Her little children fed.
He knew her trust: her cry he heard;
And answered it with bread.

And thus, protected by the Power,
Who made the lily fair,
Her orphans, like the meadow flower,
Grew up in beauty there.

Her son, the good and prudent boy,
Who wisely thus began,
Was long the aged widow's joy;
And lived an honored man.

He had a ship, for which he chose
" The Lily " as a name,

To keep in memory whence he rose,
And how his fortune came.

He had a lily carved and set,
Her emblem, on her stem;
And she was called, by all she met,
A beauteous ocean gem.

She bore sweet spices, treasures bright;
And, on the waters wide,
Her sails, as lily-leaves, were white:
Her name was well applied.

Her feeling owner never spurned
The faces of the poor;
And found that all he gave returned
In blessing rich and sure.

The God, who, by the lily-pond,
Had drawn his heart above,
In after life preserved the bond
Of grateful, holy love.

THE SILVER BIRDSNEST.

We were shown a beautiful specimen of the ingenuity of birds, a few days since, by Dr. Cook, of this borough. It was a birdsnest made entirely of silver wires, beautifully woven together. The nest was found on a sycamore tree, on the Condorus, by Dr. Francis Beard, of York county. It was the nest of a hanging-bird; and the material was probably obtained from a soldier's epaulet, which it had found. WESTCHESTER VILLAGE RECORD.

Spring of 1838.

A STRANDED soldier's epaulet,
The waters cast ashore,
A little winged rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er.
The silver bright so pleased her sight,
On that lone, idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled;
Then bore it to her bough,
Where, on a flowery twig 't was curled —
The bird can show you how: —
But, when enough of that bright stuff
The cunning builder bore
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet more.

And when the little artisan,
While neither pride nor guilt
Had entered in her pretty plan,
Her resting-place had built;

With here and there a plume to spare,
About her own light form,
Of these, inlaid with skill, she made
A lining soft and warm.

But, do you think the tender brood
She fondled there, and fed,
Were prouder, when they understood
The sheen about their bed?
Do you suppose they ever rose
Of higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
Within a silver nest?

THE QUAKER FLOWER.

A TRIFOLIUM FROM THE GRAVE OF PENN.

I HAVE a little Quaker flower,
That hath a kind of spirit power
To hold me captive, hour by hour,
In pleasant musing lost;
'T was plucked for me in distant land,
And by another's friendly hand,
From turf where I may never stand;
Then yon wild ocean crossed.

A modest foreigner it came,
Bearing a sweet, but humble name;
Yet worthy of a glorious fame
Among the sons of men;
For O the pretty stranger grew:
It drank the ether and the dew,
And from light received its hue
Upon the grave of PENN!

It sprang from out that hallowed ground,
Unclosed its eye, and smiled around,
Upon the verdure of the mound,
Where WILLIAM's ashes rest;
Where low the dust in quiet lies
Of him, among the good and wise
On earth, so meek, and in the skies
So high among the blest.

And had my flower a living root,
Or seed wherefrom a germ might shoot
For one young plant to be the fruit
Of that small vital part,
Fair PENN-SYLVANIA, it should be,
My friendly offering made to thee —
Set, to thy father's memory,
On thy kind Quaker heart.

But, ah! my precious flower is dead:
The snow-white sheet beneath its head,
And on its tender bosom spread,
Shows that its life is o'er:
And though each floweret of the gem,
And every leaf, is on the stem,
I cannot spare thee one of them,
Because there'll grow no more.

I therefore bid my fancy weave
This simple wreath, which thou'lt receive
In lieu thereof; and thence believe
My fervent wish to be
That Heaven, to overflowing still,
With purest bliss thy cup may fill,
And guard thee safe from every ill,
Whilst thou rememberest me!

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S ANGER.

"Small as the humming-bird is, it has great courage and violent passions. If it find a flower that has been deprived of its honey, it will pluck it off, throw it on the ground, and sometimes tear it to pieces." BUFFON.

On light little wings, as the humming-birds fly,
With plumes many-hued as the bow of the sky,
Suspended in ether, they shine in the light,
As jewels of nature, high-finished and bright.

Their delicate forms are so buoyant and small,
They hang o'er the flowers, as too airy to fall,
Upborne on their beautiful pinions, that seem
Like glittering vapor, or parts of a dream.

The humming-bird feeds upon honey, and so,
Of course, 't is a sweet little creature, you know:
But sweet little creatures have sometimes, they say,
A great deal that 's bitter or sour to betray.

And often the humming-bird's delicate breast
Is found of a very high temper possessed:
Such essence of anger within it is pent,
'T would burst, did no safety-valve give it a vent.

Displeased, it will seem a bright vial of wrath,
Uncorked by its heat the offender to scath;
And taking occasion to let off its ire,
'T is startling to witness how high it will fire.

A humming-bird once o'er a trumpet-flower hung,
And darted that sharp little member, the tongue,
At once through the tube to its cell for the sweet
It felt, at the bottom, most certain to meet.

But, finding that some other child of the air,
To rifle the store, had already been there,
And no drop of honey for her to draw up,
Her vengeance was poured on the destitute cup.

She flew in a passion that heightened her power,
And, cuffing and shaking the innocent flower,
Its tender corolla in shred after shred
She hastily stripped, then she snapped off its head.

A delicate ruin on earth as it lay,
That bright little fury went humming away,
With gossamer softness, and fair to the eye,
Like some living brilliant just dropped from the sky.

And since, when that curious bird I behold
Arrayed in rich colors, and dusted with gold,
I cannot but think of the wrath and the spite,
She has in reserve, though they're kept out of sight.

These two-footed, beautiful, passionate things,
If plumeless or plumy, without or with wings,
Should go to the glass, or the painter, and sit
When anger is just at the height of its fit.

THE SABBATH.

Day of days, the dearest, best,
Hallowed by Jehovah's rest!
When his six-days' work was done,
Holy rose the seventh sun.

When creation's pillars stood,
And the Lord pronounced them good,
Morning stars together sang—
Heaven with Sabbath praises rang.

Earth in pristine beauty shone,
Like a gem, before his throne,
While he marked thee, as his claim—
And he sealed thee with his name.

Choice of God, thou blessed day!
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night,
Immortality and light.

Day of glory ! day of power !
Sacred be thine ev'ry hour !
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest !

When at last it shall appear
How they loved and kept thee here,
To a temple in the skies,
Fair, eternal, they shall rise.

Not a sigh of grief or care
Shall mingle with their praises there ;
Then their sweet reward shall be
An eternity of thee.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

Hush! let the sigh in escaping be stopped:
Be the dim chamber all silently trod!
Let not the tear, that is rounded, be dropt!
Oh! 't is a spirit returning to God!

Angels are softly untwining the strings,
Loosing its ties to the beautiful clay;
Lo! they have lifted their hovering wings:
Joyous they waft her in triumph away!

Sorrow not now, o'er the spiritless form,
While on its features death's lilies unfold:
Break not the heart for another so warm,
Stopt in its pulse by a finger so cold.

Time ne'er shall whiten a lock of that hair,
Silken and full, round the forehead, that shines.
Age shall not come, nor the finger of care,
Marking that brow with their deep-going lines.

Ne'er will those lips be unsealed by the sigh:
Anguish will never that bosom invade:
Tears roll no more from that calm sleeping eye:
Peace o'er the clay her smooth mantle has laid.

Plant a young flower, in beauty to spread,
Tender and pure, where the dust shall repose.
Look then from earth, whence the bright spirit fled,
Up, where to gladness and glory it rose.

SONNET.

Spare, ruthless fowler, spare
That harmless robin's breast!
Its downy vesture do not tear;
But leave the life-blood circling there,
Again to warm her nest;
For she is hastening home with food
Provided for her callow brood.

Her tender offspring see,
Were now thy shot to fly,
Left, as thy helpless babes would be,
'Reft of their mother and of thee,
To moan, and pine, and die.
Then let her pass unhurt along;
And she will thank thee with a song.

FATHER, HEAR!

Thou, whose power assumes the form,
Now, of this wild wintry storm,
Let it still in mercy be
Shown upon the raging sea!
O! for him, who tosses there,
Father, hear this midnight prayer!

Solemn darkness shrouds the world;
While, with mighty wings unfurled,
Thus the winds in fury sweep
O'er the land, and o'er the deep,
Thou, whose thought from death can save,
Guard the life that's on the wave!

Cold and dreary is the night;
Snow-clouds wrap the beacon-light;
Rocks and ices, like a host
Armed for battle, bar the coast;
For the coming bark appear!
Guide her! save her! Father, hear!

THE PILGRIM'S WAY SONG.

I 'm bound to the house of my Father;
O draw not my feet from the way;
Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather!
They droop at my touch, and decay.
I think of the flowers, that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of the angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we 're sinking
Beside them, where quicksands betray.
I long, from that fount ever-living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink, and to thrist never more.

The gold of his bright, happy dwelling
Makes all lower gold to look dim;
Its treasures, all treasures excelling,
Shine forth to allure me to Him.
The pearls of this world while I 'm treading
In dust, where as pebbles they lie,
I seek the rich pearl, that is shedding
Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains my torn spirit is feeling,
  No balsam from earth it receives:
I go to the tree, that hath healing
  To drop on my wounds from its leaves.
A child that is weary with roaming,
  Returning in gladness to see
A home and a parent, I 'm coming —
  My Father, I hasten to thee!

THE RISING MONUMENT.

Rise in thy solemn grandeur, calm and slow,
As well befits thy purpose and thy place:
Great Speaker! rise, not suddenly, to show
The earth forever sacred at thy base.

Strong as the rocky frame-work of the globe,
Proportioned fair, in altitude sublime,
With freedom's glory round thee as a robe,
Rise gently — then defy the power of time.

To future ages, from thy lofty site,
Speak in thy mighty eloquence, and tell
That where thou art, on Bunker's hallowed height,
Our Warren and his valiant brethren fell.

Say, it was here the vital current flowed,
Purpling the turf, amid the mortal strife
For man's great birthright, from the breasts, that glowed
With love of country, more than love of life.

Thou hast thy growth of blood, that, gushing warm
From patriot bosoms, set their spirits free:
All, who behold, shall venerate thy form,
And bow before thy genius, Liberty.

Here fell the hero and his brave compeers,
Who fought and died to break a people's chain:

The place is sacred to Columbia's tears,
  Poured o'er the victims for a nation slain.

Yet from her starry brow a glory streams,
  Turning to gems those holy drops of grief,
As after evening showers, the morn's clear beams
  Show diamonds hung on grass, and flower and
    leaf.

Upright and firm, as were the patriot souls,
  That from thy native spot arose to God,
Stand thou and hold, long as our planet rolls,
  This last high place by Freedom's martyrs trod.

Let thy majestic shadow walk the ground,
  Calm as the sun, and constant as his light;
And by the moon, amid the dews, be found
  The sentinel, who guards it through the night.

And may the air around thee ever be
  To heaven-born Liberty as vital breath;
But, like the breeze that sweeps the Upas tree,
  To Bondage and Oppression certain death!

A beauteous prospect spreads for thy survey;
  City and dome, and spire look up to thee:
The solemn forest and the mountains gray
  Stand distant to salute thy majesty.

And ocean, in his numbers deep and strong,
  While the bright shore beneath thy ken he laves,

Will sing to thee an everlasting song
  Of freedom, with his never-conquered waves.

Rise then, and stand unshaken, till the skies
  Above thee are about to pass away;
But, when the dead around thee are to rise,
  Melt in the burning splendors of the day!

For then will He, "whose right it is to reign,"
  Who hath on earth a kingdom pure to save,
Come with his angels, calling up the slain
  To freedom, and annihilate the grave.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name — the year — the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me — my day — the name I bore,
To leave nor track, nor trace.

And yet, with Him, who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all, this mortal part has wrought;
Of all, this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

THE CHILD OF A YEAR AND A DAY.

To grief the night-hours keeping,
A mournful mother lay
Upon her pillow, weeping —
Her babe had passed away.

When she had clasped her treasure
A year and yet a day,
Of time 't was all its measure —
'T was gone, like morning's ray!

The jewel, Heaven had shown her,
Of worth surpassing gold,
Was lent her, by its Owner —
'T was never earth's to hold.

Then, fondly hovering o'er her,
A bright young angel hung;
And warm the love it bore her,
And sweet the song it sung:

"O mother, why this weeping?
Let all thy sorrow cease:
My infant form is sleeping,
Where nought can break its peace.

"And he, who once was blessing
Such little children here,
My spirit now possessing,
Will hold me ever dear.

"I never knew the dreading
Of death's all-conquering blow;
My mortal raiment shedding,
I rose above the foe.

"Where sickness cannot pain me —
Where comes nor grief nor night —
Where sin shall never stain me,
I dwell, a child of light.

"While many a pilgrim hoary
Treads long earth's weary way,
I have eternal glory
For one short year and day."

Yet that sweet angel singing
Its mother could not hear,
For grief her heart was wringing —
She 'd but a mortal ear.

She could not see the beaming
Of his celestial crown;
For fast her tears were streaming;
Her soul to dust bowed down.

A voice from heaven then falling
  In soothing tones to her,
As of a Father, calling,
  Revealed the Comforter.

And, lifting up her lowly
  And sorrow-laden eye,
She saw the King all holy
  Upon the throne Most High.

Where shining hosts were pouring
  Their praises forth to Him,
She saw her child adoring,
  Amid the Seraphim.

THE BELIEVER'S MOUNTAINS.

Not to the mount, where fire and smoke
  Jehovah's face concealed,
When loud to wandering man he spoke,
  To make his law revealed —
Not to the awful splendor there
  Can turn my fearful eye:
To hear its thunderings, and to dare
  Its lightnings, were to die.

Not on the mount where Moses stood,
  The promised land to see
Across the waves of Jordan's flood,
  Is yet the place for me.
My spirit could not bear to take
  That fair and glorious view,
Nor dare her wondrous launch to make,
  To try the waters through.

Not to the mount where Christ appeared
  At once so heavenly bright;
While they, who heard the Father, feared,
  And fell before the light —
Not there, my Saviour ever nigh,
  Do I his footsteps trace:
His closer followers far, than I,
  Attain that higher place.

But, to the mount without a name,
  Where Jesus sat and taught,
I daily would assert my claim,
  To share the bread he brought.
His words before that multitude
  Dropt to his chosen few,
Are manna for my morning food,
  My soul's sweet evening dew.

If to Temptation's mount I go,
  That mount *exceeding high*,
My Lord, again rebuke our foe,
  And bid the tempter fly.
No kingdom may I seek, but thine;
  And let my glory be
A light, reflected pure from thine —
  My portion, life with thee!

Oft to the mount of midnight shade,
  Of solitude and prayer,
Ascend, my soul, be not afraid
  Thy Guide to follow there.
The height and stillness of the scene,
  When thou that path hast trod,
Forbids this world to rush between
  A spirit and her God.

The mount whereon my Saviour stood,
  And o'er the city wept —
Where fell his wo-wrung drops of blood,
  While his disciples slept —

There may I go, yet not to sleep
  Till Jesus be betrayed;
But, as he went, to pray and weep
  O'er sufferings sin hath made.

And to the solemn, shuddering mount,
  Where Christ received the cup
Of death, to offer us a fount
  Of life, must I go up.
And I must look upon his wo,
  On that empurpled tree,
To learn how vast a debt I owe,
  By what he paid for me.

Thence to the mount of Galilee
  May I the way pursue,
With joy my risen Lord to see,
  Ere he ascends from view.
For lo! the heavens their gates unfold
  To take their coming King:
His angels harp on strings of gold,
  And "Hallelujah!" sing.

Now on Mount Zion may I seek
  My shield — my strong, high tower;
And thence, though here so dark and weak,
  Be clothed with light and power.
Then at that holy mountain's top,
  My soul, no more to roam,
Unfurl thy wings — thine ashes drop;
  And gain thy glorious home.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

A SOLEMN night is o'er Jerusalem;
  Nature astonished, shrouds herself in gloom;
For he, who was the babe of Bethlehem,
  Is now a victim slain, and in the tomb!

The blood, which started with the agony
  That in the garden forced his swelling veins,
In crimson streams has poured on Calvary;
  A rocky cavern holds his pale remains.

He walked with men, serene in holiness,
  The meek, the merciful, through taunts and strife;
The front of pride he met with lowliness,
  And bowed to death to lift his foes to life.

Fast as their sins grew bold and multiplied,
  His bitter cup was filling to the brim.
Here doth he lie, the pale, the crucified,
  With damps and shadows gathered over him.

The dismal night moves on but heavily,
  While they, who came the sepulchre to keep
With bristling spears, the Roman soldiery,
  Would fain resign their glittering arms for sleep.

Yet they must wake or die; the sentinel
Must keep his constant vigils round the spot
Where he shall find the watch of Israel:
The life, the spirit moves, and heeds him not.

Within the grave, that power victorious
O'er death and darkness, far from mortal sight,
Hath wrought the body bright and glorious
For resurrection by the morning light.

And lo! the shades of night are vanishing;
The guard behold, as comes the dawning day,
Her dubious gloom and dimness banishing,
The stone that barred the tomb is rolled away.

But, where 's the form that in the drapery,
Which wraps the dead, lay, spiritless and cold,
Within the vault so still and shadowy,
That, as a prison-guard, they came to hold?

That form is gone; its cast-off covering,
The sad habiliments of death, are here,
With burial odors round them hovering,
And white-robed angels calmly sitting near.

But, see the garden, fair and flowering,
Where new-born lilies worship from their stalks;
And boughs with blossoms bend, embowering
The dewy pathway! there the Saviour walks.

The guilty city still is slumbering,
While he is risen from the broken tomb;
As one his vines and fruit trees numbering,
He breathes the incense of their opening bloom.

The moon, now fading in the occident,
Is not so mild, so heavenly fair as he.
The sun, just rising in the orient,
Hath less of glory than in him we see.

Nature, that, for his death and burial,
Hath put on darkness, as a mourning weed,
Arrayed in light as for a festival,
Proclaims afar, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

May I in thy likeness, my Saviour, awake,
And rise, a fair image of thee;
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break
This prison of clay, and be free.

Can I but come forth to eternity's light,
With thy perfect features to shine,
In raiment unsullied from time's dreary night,
What honor and joy will be mine!

Yes, I shall be satisfied then to have cast
The shadows of nature all by —
When, darkness and dust from the dull eyelid past,
My soul sees with full-opened eye.

How fain would I know the great morn drawing near,
When earth's dreamy visions shall fade,
If I in thy semblance indeed may appear,
And stand in thy beauty arrayed!

To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
From this mortal, perishing clay
My spirit immortal, in peace would depart,
And, joyous, mount up her bright way.

When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,
In thy holy mansion, and when
Thy fatherly arms have encircled thy child,
O I shall be satisfied then!

THE PENITENTIAL TEAR.

Thou trembling, pure, and holy thing!
What skill from ocean's depths can bring,
Or toil from out the mine —
What monarch in his diadem,
Or glittering garb, produce a gem,
Whose brightness equals thine?

Thy source is deeper than the caves
Of riven rock, or opening waves,
Invisible as air:
And, though the angel throng above
Behold thee with delight and love,
They ne'er can have thee there.

Nor change, nor age thy sheen can dim;
Thou 'rt now unstained as when with him,
Who dared, in olden time,
Thrice his dear, suffering Lord deny;
Then, melted at the Saviour's eye,
And paid thee for his crime.

Called from the treasures of the soul
By power divine, when thou dost roll
Forth from the mourner's eye,
Thy wearer thou dost then proclaim
The heir of life, who has his name
Writ in the Book on high.

Thou art a pearl, that all may own,
And when thy matchless worth is known
To those, who wear thee here,
They will be changed, and shall behold
The shining gates of heaven unfold,
Bright Penitential Tear!

TEACHINGS OF GOD.

He reigns on high, a glorious King,
In ocean, earth, and air;
He moves and governs every thing,
For God is every where.

The waters at his bidding flow.
The mountain and its flower
Their majesty and beauty show,
As traces of his power.

The lilies by the meadow rills
Are leaning on his hand;
And so the cedar of the hills,
The palm and olive stand.

He formed the birds, that sport along
On light and brilliant wing;
And tuned them with the voice of song
And joy his praise to sing.

This earth is ours, so rich and fair
From him, who made it thus—
Who sends his angels down with care
To minister to us.

The rainbow, with its beauteous dies,
A pledge to man, is lent
By him, who spreads the shining skies
Around him, "as a tent."

The heavens, my child, are full of him!
  Yon radiant sun above
Is but an image, cold and dim,
  Of his great power and love.

He placed that glorious orb on high,
  In splendor there to roll,
To warm the world, to light the eye;
  He lights and warms the soul.

And lest the night with sable shade
  That azure vault should mar,
He moved his finger there, and made,
  At every touch, a star.

With these the moon, his beaming gift,
  Here lets her lustre fall,
Our thoughts to win, our hearts to lift
  To him, who gave them all.

And he is ours — that Holy One,
  Our Father, Guide, and Friend;
In ways untravelled by the sun,
  In love that ne'er shall end.

'T is sweet to worship him below,
  With his approving eye
To mark the way, our spirits go
  To seek his face on high.

THE HERALD'S CRY IN THE DESERT.

"He was not that Light; but was sent to bear witness of that Light." St. John i. 8.

Awake, O ye nations, and, shaking
The slumber of death from your eyes,
Behold the fair morn in its breaking,
The Sun of all glory arise.

He comes, mist and dimness dispelling;
The shadows and clouds flee away:
Ho! all, that in darkness are dwelling,
Spring up, and rejoice in the day!

Ye dying, life's waters revealing,
He 'll show you to fountain and streams:
Ye wounded, for you he brings healing;
Come out and repose in his beams.

Come, all ye disconsolate, hailing
Your King in his beauty and might;
His raiment mount Ebal is veiling;
Mount Gerizim shines with his light.

O praise him, ye weary, in wonder
To feel your hard burdens unbound!
Ye captives, your bars fall asunder;
With shoutings leap forth at the sound.

Your names on his breastplate he 's wearing ;
They 're set as the seal of his ring ;
Ye nations, your highways preparing,
Receive, and be glad in your King !

OUR FATHER'S WELL.

Come, let's go back, my brother,
And, by our father's well,
Sit down beside each other,
Life's little dreams to tell.

For there we played together,
In childhood's sunny hours;
Before life's stormy weather
Had killed its morning flowers.

And since no draught we 've tasted,
Its weary journey through,
As we so far have hasted,
Like that our father drew;

I feel, as at a mountain,
I cannot pass nor climb,
Till from that distant fountain
I drink, as in my prime.

My spirit's longing, thirsting,
No waters else can quell;
My heart seems near to bursting
To reach that good old well.

Though all be changed around it,
And though so changed are we,
Just where our father found it,
That pure well spring will be.

In earth, when deeply going,
He reached and smote the rock;
He set its fount to flowing —
It opened at his knock.

The way, he smoothed and stoned it,
A close, round, shadowy cell;
Whoever since has owned it,
It is our father's well!

His prattling son and daughter,
With each an infant's cup,
We waited for the water,
His steady hand drew up.

When we had paused and listened,
Till down the bucket dashed,
O how it, rising, glistened,
And to the sunlight flashed!

And since that moment, never
Has that cool deep been dry;
Its fount is living ever,
While man and seasons die.

Around its mouth is growing
The moss of many a year;
But from its heart is flowing
The water sweet and clear.

Fond memory near it lingers,
And, like a happy child,
She plucks, with busy fingers,
And wreathes the roses wild.

Yet many a lip, whose burning
Its limpid drops allayed,
Has since, to ashes turning,
Been veiled in silent shade.

Still we are here, and telling
About our infant play;
Where that free spring is welling,
So true, and far away.

But O! the change, my brother!
Our father's head is hoar;
The tender name of mother
Is ours to call no more.

And now, around thee gather
Such little ones as we
Were then, beside our father,
And look to theirs in thee.

While fast our years are wasting,
  Their numbers none can tell;
So let us hence be hasting
  To find our Father's well.

Come, we will speed us thither,
  And from its mossy brink,
To flowers that ne'er shall wither
  Look up to heaven and drink.

They spring beside the waters,
  Our Father there will give
To all his sons and daughters,
  Where they shall drink and live.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

"And I will give him the morning star."
Rev. ii. 28.

Methought, once more to my wishful eye
My beautiful boy had come:
My sorrow was gone, my cheek was dry,
And gladness around my home.

I saw the form of my dear, lost child!
All kindled with life he came;
And he spake in his own sweet voice, and smiled,
As soon as I called his name.

The garb he wore looked heavenly white,
As the feathery snow comes down,
And warm, as it shone in the softened light
That fell from his dazzling crown.

His eye was bright with a joy serene,
His cheek with a deathless bloom,
That only the eye of my soul hath seen,
When looking beyond the tomb.

The odors of flowers, from the thornless land
Where we deem that our blest ones are,
Seemed borne in his skirts; and his soft right hand
Was holding a radiant star.

His feet, unshod, looked tender and fair,
As the lily's opening bell,
Half veiled in a cloud of glory, as there
Around him, in folds, it fell.

I asked him how he was clothed anew —
Who circled his head with light —
And whence he returned to meet my view
So calm and heavenly bright.

I asked him where he had been so long
Away from his mother's care —
Again to sing me his infant song,
And to kneel by my side in prayer.

He said, "Sweet mother, the song I sing
Is not for an earthly ear:
I touch the harp with a golden string,
For the hosts of heaven to hear.

"It was but a gently fleeting breath,
That severed thy child from thee!
The fearful shadow, in time, called Death,
Hath ministered life to me.

"My voice in an angel choir I lift;
And high are the notes we raise:
I hold the sign of a priceless gift,
And the Giver, who hath our praise.

"'The bright and the morning star' is he,
Who bringeth eternal day!
And, mother, he giveth himself to thee,
To lighten thine earthly way.

"The race is short to a peaceful goal,
And He is never afar,
Who saith of the wise, untiring soul,
'I will give him the morning star!'

"Thy measure of care for me was filled,
And pure to its crystal top;
For Faith, with a steady eye, distilled
And numbered every drop.

"While thou wast teaching my lips to move,
And my heart to rise in prayer,
I learned the way to a world above;
The home of thy child is there!

"The secret prayers, thou didst make for me,
That only thy God hath known,
Arose, like sweet incense, holy and free,
And gathered around his throne.

"My robe was filled with the perfume sweet
To shed upon this world's air,
As I joyful knelt, at my Saviour's feet,
For the glorious crown I wear.

"In that bright, blissful world of ours,
The waters of life I drink:
Behold my feet, as they 've pressed the flowers,
That grow by the fountain's brink!

"No thorn is hidden to wound me there;
There 's nothing of chill, or blight,
Or sighing to blend with the balmy air —
No sorrow — no pain — no night!"

"No *parting?*" I asked, with a burst of joy;
And the lovely illusion broke!
My rapture had banished my beauteous boy —
To a shadowy void I spoke.

But, O! that STAR of the morn still beams
With light to direct my feet
Where, when I have done with my earthly dreams,
The mother and child may meet.

THE WAR-SPIRIT ON BUNKER'S HEIGHT.

The sun walked the skies in the splendor of June,
O'er earth full of promise, and air full of tune;
The broad azure streams calmly rolled to the deep,
Whose waves on its breast stirred like babes in their sleep.

The turf heaved its green to the white vestured flock,
That fed, or reposed in the shade of the rock;
The birds sang their songs by their nests in the bowers;
And the bee hummed with sweets from the fresh opened flowers.

The humming-bird glittered, and whirred o'er the cell,
Where her nectar was stored, from the hill to the dell;
'Mid the bloom and the perfume, that passed on the breeze,
From the rose, and the vine, and the fruit-bearing trees.

It seemed like a gala, when Nature, arrayed
In festival robes, with her treasures displayed,
Reflected the smile of her Maker above,
And offered up hymns of her thanksgiving love.

And yet, in the bosom of man there were fires
Fierce, quenchless and fearful — consuming desires
For right unpossessed, and for lawless domain,
That burned to the soul, and that flamed to the brain.

In the streets there was clanging and gleaming of arms;
In the dwellings, resolve, preparation, alarms;
In the eye of the wife, mother, sister, a tear;
In the face of their soldier, no semblance of fear.

The patriot chieftain had marked out his ground,
To hold, or to fall, if his foe passed the bound:
And now was the hero to close in the strife,
For death as a bondman, or freedom with life.

The war-spirit hovered, and frowned on the height,
His eye flashing lightning — his wings shedding night!
From his wide fiery nostrils rolled volumes of smoke,
And the rocks roared afar, as in thunder he spoke.

At his dread shock of nature, the lamb from its play,
The bee and the bird, in affright fled away;
The branch, flower, and grass, felt the crush and the scath,
And the winds passing by, snuffed the heat of his wrath.

With blood, that, in torrents, he poured down like rain,
He drenched the green turf, that he strewed with the slain,
Till the eminence groaned with the carnage it bore,
And its heart heaved and shuddered at drinking the gore.

While the breath of the war-spirit scented the air,
The rivers looked wild in reflecting his glare;
And ocean's cold bosom was torn, as he gave
The flap of his pinion to trouble its wave.

The village besieged, wrapped in flames from his breath,
Looked up to the hill, where he revelled with death,
And swelled with the essence of life he had shed,
To sweeten their cup, and the banquet to spread.

O War-spirit! War-spirit, when didst thou bring
Such trophies of beauty before the pale king,
Since walking on Gilboa's height, in thy power,
Of Israel's valiant to mow down the flower?

Mourn, wail, O ye people! and spread wide the pall,
Whose deep sable fringe down the hill-sides shall fall!
Your brethren's warm blood cries aloud from the ground,
That hosts, like Philistia's, in triumph surround.

The lovely, the pleasant have perished! Alas!
Where they fell may there hence be no dew on
the grass!
Let a monument there, towards the heavens rear
its head,
From a base, that shall cover the spot where they
bled!

Ah, War-spirit! War-spirit, deep was the gloom,
Though heaven was unclouded, and earth all in
bloom,
When thou, at the onset, that young summer's day,
Didst strike so much valor to darkness away!

And yet, by that thunder, the land is awake:
'T was the crack of her yoke when beginning to break!
And out of that gloom is her glory to spread;
Her living be franchised, immortal her dead.

For up from that summit an eagle shall rise,
To breast the thick clouds, till he sails the blue
skies;
And drop, while he bathes at the fountain of light,
A plume from his pinion their story to write.

It shall fall where they fell, on the still purple
sward,
Full and warm with the sunbeams their deeds to
record;
And move o'er the scroll in the hand of the free,
While the wing where it grew spans the earth and
the sea.

THE INNER SELF.

While others lie composed in sleep,
Close wrapped in shade and silence deep,
And starry hosts and angels keep
  Their vigils o'er the night,
I have a curious work to do,
A secret door to venture through,
A wondrous being then to view;
  If I can stand the sight.

I now take up the sacred key,
Unlock my breast, and pass to see
The inmost, true, essential ME:
  And lo! I here have found,
Enclosed within its shrine, the heart,
Myself, my thinking, reasoning part:
But say, my spirit, what thou art,
  And whence, and whither bound!

'T is but with wonder, reverence, fear
And shrinking, that I thus draw near
The majesty, that meets me here,
  My soul, unveiled, in thee!
I cannot give thy form, or hue,
Or measure, or proportions true;
But feel myself myself subdue,
  Thou deepening mystery.

Not all the earth, nor air, nor sea
Could furnish food to nourish thee;
Nor welling founts, nor rivers free,
  The spirit's thirst allay:
Nor silver web, nor cloth of gold,
Nor stuffs, that time can e'er unfold,
Nor pearls, nor gems this world may hold,
  Compose thee an array.

Yet all the fibres of my frame
Own that from thee their feeling came;
And, at the slightest touch, will claim
  Thy closest sympathy.
Thou art their life, their light, their spring,
Informing them in every thing,
But how they are allied, and cling,
  My nobler self, to thee.

And do I thus the power survey,
Whom all my meaner powers obey?
Hand, foot and tongue and eye — are they
  The servants of thy will?
And when they pause, repose to take,
Dost thou, untiring and awake,
Thy pinions spread, and swiftly make
  Thy wide excursions still?

What art thou, never slumbering soul,
To stretch thy wings from pole to pole —
To span the globe — to mark its roll —
  Its elements to see,

Conspiring thus, to prophesy
Its end to come before thine eye,
Whilst thou canst fire and flood defy,
  Nor ever cease to be?

And, swifter than an eagle flies,
Or arrows dart, dost thou arise
Through air and space, and scale the skies,
  'Mid shining spheres to roam:
And with thy conscious rank elate,
Dost stand and watch at heaven's bright gate,
For glimpses of that rich estate
  Where thou may'st claim thy home.

Thence, near the pit dost thou go down,
To spy the difference 'twixt the crown
Of life, and that dread withering frown,
  Which blights a spirit there.
Then, on eternity's dark brink,
Between them dost thou pause, and think,
And ask, if thou shalt soar or sink —
  To joy or wo the heir.

Too blind to trace thy being's plan,
Too small my nobler part to span,
I end my quest where it began,
  And from myself retire.
I hence must own within my breast
A power of unknown powers possessed —
A flame, not long to be repressed,
  Of clear immortal fire.

TIME.

Time, with thy kind and never-wearying powers,
Giving whate'er we fondly count as ours;
Life, love, hope, faith, the sun, the stars and flowers;
All that to man is dear to thee we owe!
Yet does he call thee, slayer, robber, thief,
And stern, as of his foes thou wert the chief,
Filling his path with ruins, pain and grief,
Without one tender blessing to bestow!

Nature we laud, when thou, paternal Time,
Hast given maturity, as well as prime,
To all her works, in every age and clime,
Since the first floweret on her bosom grew.
Light from the darkness doth thy hand unfold:
Beauty from dust we in thy deeds behold:
The frail, the dimmed, the withered, worn and old
Thy breath dissolves, that they may shine anew.

The city flames, and melts the tottering wall;
Again she rises fairer for the fall.
Thou beckonest back the flood! and at thy call,
From crust-capped mounts, volcanic splendors pour.
The absent sun his way to morning bends;
The waning star to thy command attends,
Fills out and burns; and man to dust descends,
In hope to live, when thou shalt be no more.

The leaves are scattered, yet the waiting tree
Shall have them brought, in verdure, back by thee;
The flower has vanished, but the trusting bee
  Will find her cell again with sweetness stored.
The seed may perish, yet the germ will rise;
The grain is ripened while its sheathing dies.
The fruits of earth, the glories of the skies
  Forth by thy bounteous hand to man are poured.

We owe thee still for gifts far more divine —
The key to joys it never can be thine
To give or take; and heavenly light to shine
  When we must enter that dark, shadowy vale,
Where nought of earth the pathway can illume,
Or lend one ray to shoot across the gloom,
That gathers round the threshold of the tomb,
  When thou must there, first and forever, fail.

Then, why does man so oft forget that he
Owes all he is, and all he hopes to be,
When thou and he are severed, but to thee?
  Why does he slay thee piecemeal, day by day?
Shut out in exile from thine empire, there,
In that unknown, dread, boundless country, where
Is no retreat, no inn, how will he bear
  To have thy spectre haunt the endless way?

Man's wisest study is to know thy worth
And his relations to thee from his birth;
To bring his course o'er this uneven earth,

In a clear sunset, to a quiet close.
Then, as a weary traveller is undressed,
While gently thou the spirit may'st divest
Of her worn garment, there remains a rest,
And she goes franchised to that blest repose.

And now, O Time, as one more hasty year
Of thine is gone, thou hast another here!
Grateful we hail it, though the bitter tear
May have put out the light of joy that shone
On many a face; though tender, sundered ties
Have changed to chords that vibrate but with sighs,
In many a stricken breast where sorrow lies,
Draining the life-stream, while that year has flown.

Countless the blessings showered in its flight;
And seeming evils, turned and viewed aright,
May prove but passing clouds, and lined with light.
Our trust, deceived in earthly things, may teach
The restless, eager spirit to forego
Her crushing grasp on hollow hopes, that grow
Like fragile reeds, to mock her hold below;
And after higher, holier joys to reach.

Time, then our nobler aspirations raise!
Since few, and short, and fleeting are our days;
And since, so peaceful are her pleasant ways,

Teach us to wisdom to apply the heart:
So that, when thou hast safely led us through
Thy kingdom, with a brighter land in view,
Calm at thy bourn, and with a kind adieu,
We may, as friends, shake hands with thee and part.

MY HEAD.

"The day is come I never thought to see!
Strange revolutions of my farm and me."
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

My head! my head! the day is come
I never, never thought to see;
When all, with fingers and a thumb,
May to thy chambers have a key!

That is, if thou wouldst but submit
To come beneath the learned touch,
And let the judge in judgment sit
Upon thy bumps, that prove so much.

I used to think our heads might let
Their own contents, at will, be shown;
I never thought mankind could get
An outward way to make them known.

But now the sapient hand has cut
The matter short, and all may tell
Thy value, as they'd prize a nut,
And know the kernel by the shell.

If half the light, that has been thrown
On heads, were only poured *within*,
Thou wouldst not thus be left to own
The darkness that is now thy sin.

But, while the world is in a blaze
  Of purely phrenologic light,
Thou, wildered thing, art in a maze,
  And destitute of faith and sight.

They use a thousand meaning words
  Thou couldst not utter or define,
Of which, to tell the truth, three thirds
  Were gravel, in a mouth like thine.

They hold me out an empty skull,
  To show the powers of living brains:
'T is just like feeling of the hull,
  To tell what goods the ship contains.

And, whether nature or mishap
  Have raised the bump, 't is all the same;
The sage's crown, or dunce's cap
  Must be awarded as its claim.

This hobby, that so many sit,
  And manage with such ease and grace,
I dare not try with rein or bit,
  It seems so of the donkey race.

And yet, my head, no doubt, 't is all
  A fault of thine, a want of sight,
That so much said by Combe and Gall
  And Spurzheim cannot turn thee right.

I know not what thy case may be,—
  If thou art hollow, or opaque;
I only know thou canst not see,
  And faith declines one step to take.

This burst of light has turned thee numb,
  Depriving thee of every sense;
So now, if tried, thou must be dumb,
  Nor say one word in self-defence!

THE WHEAT FIELD.

Field of wheat, so full and fair,
Shining, with thy sunny hair
Lightly waving either way,
Graceful as the breezes play —
Looking like a summer sea;
How I love to gaze at thee!
Pleasant art thou to the sight;
And to thought a rich delight.
Then, thy voice is music sweet,
Softly sighing field of wheat.

Pointing upward to the sky,
Rising straight, and aiming high,
Every stalk is seen to shoot
As an arrow, from the root.
Like a well-trained company,
All in uniform agree,
From the footing to the ear;
All in order strict appear.
Marshalled by a skilful hand,
All together bow, or stand
Still, within the proper bound:
None o'ersteps the given ground,
With its tribute held to pay,
At his nod whom they obey,
Each the gems, that stud its crown,
Will ere long, for man, lay down.

Thou with promise art replete
Of the precious sheaves of wheat.

How thy strength in weakness lies!
Not a robber bird, that flies,
Finds support whereby to put
On a stalk her lawless foot.
Not a predatory beak
Plunges down, thy stores to seek,
Where the guard of silver spears
Keeps the fruit, and decks the ears.
No vain insect, that could do
Harm to thee, dares venture through
Such an armory, or eat
Off the sheath to take the wheat.

What a study do we find
Opened here for eye and mind!
In it who can offer less,
Than to wonder, and confess,
That on this high-favored ground,
Faith is blest, and hope is crowned.
Charity her arms may spread
Wide from it, with gifts of bread.
Wisdom, power, and goodness meet
In the bounteous field of wheat.

THE LITTLE TRAVELLER.

I AM the tiniest child of earth,
  But still, I would like to be known to fame,
Though next to nothing I had my birth,
  And lowest of all is my lowly name.

Yet, if so humble my native place,
  I this can say, in family pride,
That I'm of the world's most numerous race,
  And made by the Maker of all beside.

Although I'm so poor, I have nought to lose;
  Still I'm so little I can't be lost:
I journey about wherever I choose,
  And those, who carry me, bear the cost.

The most forgiving of earthly things,
  I often cling to my deadly foe;
And, spite of the cruelest flirts and flings,
  Arise by the force that has cast me low.

When beauty has trodden me under foot,
  I've quietly risen her face to seek,
Embraced her forehead, or calmly put
  Myself to rest in her dimpled cheek.

I've ridden to war on the soldier's plume;
  But startled, and sprung at the wild affray,
The sights of horror, of fire and fume,
  And fled on the wing of the winds away.

I've visited courts, and been ushered in
By the proudest guest of the stately scene;
I've touched his majesty's bosom-pin,
And the nuptial ring of his lofty queen.

At the royal board, in the grand parade,
I've oft been one familiar and free:
The fairest lady has smiled, and laid
Her delicate, gloveless hand on me.

Philosopher, poet, the learned, the sage,
Never declines a call from me;
And all, of every rank and age,
Admit me into their *coterie*.

I visit the lions of every where,
If human, or brute, and can testify
To what they do, to what they wear,
To wonders none ever beheld but I!

And now, reviewing the things I've done,
Forgetting my name, my rank and birth,
I begin to think I am number one
Of the great and manifold things of earth.

I've still much more, that I yet might tell,
Which modesty bids me here withhold;
For fear with my travels I seem to swell,
Or grow, for an ATOM OF DUST, too bold!

THE ENTANGLED FLY.

Ah, thou unfortunate!
  Poor, silly fly,
Caught in the spider's web,
  Hung there to die!
What could have tempted thee?
  What led thee there,
For thy foe, thus to throw
  Around thee the snare?

Struggling and crying so
  Ne'er can unweave
From thee the silken threads,
  Laid to deceive.
Sorrow for wandering
  Comes now in vain;
And, with one thus undone,
  Grief adds to pain.

Yet, I will rescue thee,
  Unwary thing!
Thou may'st again be off,
  High on the wing,
If thou wilt promise me,
  Hence to be found
Never more, as before,
  On evil ground.

Trust not the flatterer
  Skilled to ensnare:
He is a wily one;
  Think, and beware.
Down to his dusky ways
  No more descend!
Little fly, thou and I
  Both want a friend.

Man hath an enemy,
  Whose snare is laid
Softly and silently,
  Deep in the shade.
Light, by the tempter shunned,
  Only can show
Where, secure, free, and pure,
  Our feet may go.

THE PEACH BLOSSOMS.

Come here! come here! cousin Mary, and see
What fair, ripe peaches there are on the tree—
On the very same bough that was given to me
By father, one day last spring.
When it looked so beautiful, all in the blow,
And I wanted to pluck it, he told me, you know,
I might, but that waiting a few months would show
The fruit, that patience might bring.

And as I perceived, by the sound of his voice,
And the look of his eye, it was clearly his choice
That it should not be touched, I have now to rejoice
That I told him we'd let it remain;
For, had it been gathered when full in the flower,
Its blossoms had withered, perhaps, in an hour,
And nothing on earth could have given the power
That would make them flourish again.

But now, of a fruit so delicious and sweet
I've enough for myself and my playmates a treat;
And they tell me, besides, that the kernels secrete
What, if planted, will make other trees:
For the shell will come open to let down the root;
A sprout will spring up, whence the branches will shoot;
There'll be buds, leaves, and blossoms; and then comes the fruit—
Such beautiful peaches as these!

And Nature, they say, like a mighty machine,
Has a wheel in a wheel, which, if aught comes
between,
It ruins her work, as it might have been seen,
Had it not given patience this trial.
From this, I'll be careful to keep it in mind,
When the blossoms I love, that there lingers behind
A better reward, that the trusting shall find
For a trifling self-denial.

THE BROKEN PIPE.

Come here, little Willie:
  Why, what is the trouble?
"I've broke my new pipe, ma'—
  I can't make a bubble!"

Well, don't weep for that, child,
  But brighten your face,
And tell how the grievous
  Disaster took place.

"Why, Puss came along;
  And, said I, 'Now she'll think
That white, frothy water
  Is milk she may drink.'

"So I set it before her,
  And plunged her mouth in,
When up came both paws,
  And clung fast to my chin.

"Then I gave her a blow
  With my pipe; and it flew
At once into pieces!
  O what shall I do?

"I can't make a bubble!
I wish naughty Kit
Had been a mile off:
See! there's blood on me yet!"

I'm sorry, my boy; yet
Your loss is but just;
You first deceived Pussy,
And trifled with trust.

In this, when you failed,
You compelled her; and thence
The wound on your face,
From poor Kit's self-defence.

Then, when you grew cruel
And beat her, you know
Your pipe and yourself
Fared the worst for the blow.

Let this lesson teach you,
Hence never to stoop
To make man, or brute,
That may trust you, a dupe.

And when you have power,
It should not be abused,
Oppressing the weaker,
Nor strength be misused.

For, often, unkindness
  Returns whence it came;
And ever deceit must
  Be followed by shame.

Remember this, William,
  And here end your sorrow;
I'll buy you a pipe,
  To blow bubbles, to-morrow.

VIVY VAIN.

Miss Vain was all given to dress —
Too fond of gay clothing; and so,
  She 'd gad about town
  Just to show a new gown,
As a train-band their color to show.

Her head being empty and light,
Whene'er she obtained a new hat,
  With pride in her air,
  She 'd go round, here and there,
For all whom she knew to see that.

Her folly was chiefly in this:
More highly she valued fine looks,
  Than virtue, or truth,
  Or devoting her youth
To usefulness, friendship, or books.

Her passion for show was unchecked;
And therefore, it happened one day,
  Arrayed in bright hues,
  And with new hat and shoes,
Miss Vain walked abroad for display.

She took the most populous streets,
To cause but aversion in those,
  Who saw how she 'd prinked,
  And to bystanders winked,
While the boys cried, "Halloo! there she goes!"

It chanced, that, in passing one way,
She came near a pool, and a green
  With fence close and high;
  And, as Vivy drew nigh,
A donkey stood near it unseen.

He put his mouth over its top,
The moment she came by his place;
  And gave a loud bray
  In her ear, when, away
She sprang, shrieked, and fell on her face.

She thought she was swallowed alive,
Awhile upon earth lying flat;
  And the terrible sound
  Seemed to furrow the ground,
She embraced in her fine gown and hat.

She gathered herself up, and ran,
Yet heeded not whither or whence,
  To flee from the roar,
  That continued to pour
Behind her, from over the fence.

In passing a slope near the pool,
She slipped and rolled down to its brim;
The geese gave a shout,
And at length hissed her out
Of the bounds, where they 'd gathered to swim.

In turning a corner, she met
Abruptly, the horns of a cow
That mooed, while the cur,
At her heels, turned from her,
And aimed at Miss Vain his "bow-wow."

Then Vivy's bright ribbons and skirt,
As she flew, flirted high on the wind;
The children at play,
Paused to see one so gay,
And all in a flutter behind.

A group of glad schoolboys came by:
Said they, "So it seems, that to-day,
Miss Vain carries marks
At which the dog barks,
And that make sober Long-Ears to bray."

And when, all bedraggled and pale,
Poor Vivy approached her own door,
She went, swift and straight
As a dart, through the gate,
Abhorring the gay gear she wore.

She sat down, and thought of the scene
With humiliation and tears:
  The words, and the noise
  Of the brutes and the boys
Were echoing still in her ears.

She reasoned, and came at the cause,
Resolving that cause to remove;
  And thence, her desire
  Was for modest attire,
And her heart and her mind to improve.

And soon, all who knew her before
Remarked on the change and the gain
  In mind, and in mien,
  And in dress, that were seen
In the once flashy Miss Vivy Vain.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A Mocking Bird was he,
In a bushy, blooming tree,
Imbosomed by the foliage and flower.
And there he sat and sang,
Till all around him rang,
With sounds, from out the merry mimic's bower.

The little satirist
Piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;
He then would moan, and whistle, quack, and caw;
Then, carol, drawl, and croak,
As if he 'd pass a joke
On every other winged one he saw.

Together he would catch
A gay and plaintive snatch,
And mingle notes of half the feathered throng.
For well the mocker knew,
Of every thing that flew,
To imitate the manner and the song.

The other birds drew near,
And paused awhile to hear
How well he gave their voices and their airs.
And some became amused;
While some, disturbed, refused
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

The sensitive were shocked,
To find their honors mocked
By one so pert and voluble as he;
They knew not if 't was done
In earnest or in fun;
And fluttered off in silence from the tree.

The silliest grew vain,
To think a song or strain
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,
Was worthy to be heard
Repeated by the bird;
For of his wit they could not feel the force.

The charitable said,
"Poor fellow! if his head
Is turned, or cracked, or has no talent left;
But feels the want of powers,
And plumes itself from ours,
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft."

The haughty said, "He thus,
It seems, would mimic us,
And steal our songs, to pass them for his own!
But if he only quotes
In honor of our notes,
We then were quite as honored, let alone."

The wisest said, "If foe,
Or friend, we still may know

By him, wherein our greatest failing lies.
So, let us not be moved,
Since first to be improved
By every thing, becomes the truly wise."

THE BIRD'S HOME.

O WHERE is thy home, sweet bird,
With the song, and the bright, glossy plume?
"I 'll tell thee where I rest,
If thou wilt not rob my nest; —
I built among the sweet apple bloom."

But what 's in thy nest, bright bird?
What 's there, in the snug, downy cell?
"If thou wilt not rob the tree;
Nor go too near, to see
My quiet little home, I will tell."

O! I will not thy trust betray,
But closely thy secret I will keep.
"I 've three little tender things,
That have never used their wings!
I left them there, at home, fast asleep."

Then, why art thou here, my bird,
Away from thy young, helpless brood?
"To pay thee with a song,
Just to let me pass along,
Nor harm me, as I look for their food!"

THE BIRD UNCAGED.

She opened the cage, and away there flew
A bright little bird, as a short adieu
It hastily whistled, and passed the door,
And felt that its sorrowful hours were o'er.

An anthem of freedom it seemed to sing;
To utter its joy for an outspread wing,—
That now it could sport in the boundless air,
And might go any and every where.

And Anna rejoiced in her bird's delight;
But her eye was wet, as she marked its flight;
Till, this was the song that she seemed to hear;
And, merrily warbled, it dried the tear:

"I had a mistress, and she was kind,
In all, but keeping her bird confined;
She ministered food and drink to me,
But, O I was pining for liberty!

"My fluttering bosom she loved to smooth;
While the heart within it, she could not soothe:
I sickened and longed for the wildwood breeze,
My feathery kindred, and fresh green trees.

"A prisoner there, with a useless wing,
I looked with sorrow on every thing;

I lost my voice, and forgot my song,
And mourned in silence, the whole day long.

"But I will go back, with a mellower pipe,
And sing, when the cherries are round and ripe;
On the topmost bough, as I lock my feet,
To help myself, in my leafy seat.

"My merriest notes shall there be heard,
To draw her eye to her franchised bird;
The burden, then, of my song shall be,
'Earth for the wingless! but air for me!'"

DAME BIDDY.

Dame Biddy abode in a coop,
Because it so chanced, that dame Biddy
Had round her a family group
Of chicks, young, and helpless and giddy.

And when she had freedom to roam,
She fancied the life of a ranger;
And led off her brood, far from home,
To fall into mischief or danger.

She 'd trail through the grass to be mown,
And call all her children to follow;
And scratch up the seeds that were sown,
Then, lie in their places and wallow.

She 'd go where the corn in the hill,
Its first little blade had been shooting,
And try, by the strength of her bill,
To learn if the kernel was rooting.

And when she went out on a walk
Of pleasure, through thicket and brambles,
The covetous eye of a hawk
Delighted in marking her rambles.

"I spy," to himself he would say,
"A prize of which I 'll be the winner!"
So down would he pounce on his prey,
And bear off a chicken for dinner.

The poor frighted matron, that heard
The cry of her youngling in dying,
Would scream at the merciless bird,
That high with his booty was flying.

But shrieks could not ease her distress,
Nor grief her lost darling recover.
She now had a chicken the less,
For acting the part of a rover.

And there lay the feathers, all torn,
And flying one way and another,
That still her dear child might have worn,
Had she been more wise as a mother.

Her owner then thought he must teach
Dame Biddy a little subjection;
And cooped her up, out of the reach
Of hawking, with time for reflection.

And, throwing a net o'er a pile
Of brush-wood that near her was lying,
He hoped to its meshes to wile
The fowler, that o'er her was flying.

For Hawk, not forgetting his fare,
And having a taste to renew it,
Sailed round near the coop, high in air,
With cruel intention, to view it.

The owner then said, "Master Hawk,
If you love my chickens so dearly,
Come down to my yard for a walk,
That you may address them more nearly."

But, "No," thought the sharp-taloned foe
Of Biddy, "my circuit is higher!
If I to his premises go,
'T will be when I see he's not nigh her."

The Farmer strewed barley, and toled
The chickens the brush to run under,
And left them, while Hawk growing bold,
Thus tempted, came near for his plunder.

As closer and closer he drew,
With appetite stronger and stronger,
He found he'd but one thing to do,
And plunged, to defer it no longer.

But now had he come to a pause,
At once in the net-work entangled,
While through it his head and his claws
In hopeless vacuity dangled.

The chicks saw him hang overhead,
  Where they for their barley had huddled;
And all in a flutter they fled,
  And soon through the coop holes had scuddled.

The farmer came out to his snare.
  He saw the bold captive was in it;
And said, "If this play be unfair,
  Remember, I did not begin it!"

He then put a cork on his beak,
  The airy assassin disarming,
Unspurred him, and rendered him weak,
  By blunting each talent for harming.

And into the coop he was thrown:
  The chickens hid under their mother,
For he, by his feathers was known
  As he, who had murdered their brother.

Dame Biddy, beholding his plight,
  Determined to show him no quarter,
In action gave vent to her spite;
  As motherly tenderness taught her.

She shouted, and blustered; and then
  Attacked the poor captive unfriended;
And you, (who have witnessed a hen
  In anger,) may guess how it ended.

She made him a touching address,
If pecking and scratching could do it,
Till, sinking in silent distress,
He perished before she got through it.

We would not, however, convey
A thought like approving the fury,
That gave, in this summary way,
Punition, without judge or jury.

Whenever thus given, it tends
To lessen the angry bestower;
The *fowl* that inflicts it, descends —
The *featherless* biped, still lower.

THE ENVIOUS LOBSTER.

A Lobster from the water came,
And saw another, just the same
In form and size; but gayly clad
In scarlet clothing; while she had
No other raiment to her back
Than her old suit of greenish black.

"So ho!" she cried, "'t is very fine!
Your dress was yesterday like mine;
And in the mud below the sea,
You lived, a crawling thing, like me.
But now, because you've come ashore,
You've grown so proud, that what you wore —
Your strong old suit of bottle-green,
You think improper to be seen.
To tell the truth, I don't see why
You should be better dressed than I.
And I should like a suit of red
As bright as yours, from feet to head.
I think I'm quite as good as you,
And might be clothed in scarlet, too."

"Will you be boiled?" her owner said,
"To be arrayed in glowing red?
Come here, my discontented miss,
And hear the scalding kettle hiss!
Will you go in, and there be boiled,
To have your dress, so old and soiled,

Exchanged for one of scarlet hue?"
"Yes," cried the lobster, "that I'll do,
And twice as much, if needs must be,
To be as gayly clad as she."
Then, in she made a fatal dive,
And never more was seen alive!

Now, if you ever chance to know
Of one as fond of dress and show
As that vain lobster, and withal
As envious, you'll perhaps recall
To mind her folly, and the plight
In which she reappeared to sight.
She had obtained a bright array,
But for it, thrown herself away!
Her life and death were best untold,
But for the moral they unfold!

KIT WITH THE ROSE.

A ROSE TREE stood in the parlor,
When kit came frolicking by;
So up went her feet on the window-seat,
To a rose, that had caught her eye.

She gave it a cuff, and it trembled
Beneath her ominous paw;
And while it shook, with a threatening look
She coveted what she saw.

Thought she, "What a beautiful toss-ball,
If I could but give it a snap,
Now all are out, nor thinking about
Their rose, or the least mishap!"

She twisted the stem, and she twirled it;
And, seizing the flower it bore
With the timely aid of her teeth, she made
A leap to the parlor floor.

And over the carpet she tossed it,
All fresh in its morning bloom,
Till shattered and rent, its leaves were sent
To every side of the room.

At length, with her sport grown weary,
She laid herself down to sun,
Inclining to doze, forgetting the rose
And the mischief she had done.

By and by her young mistress entered,
And uttered a piteous cry,
When she saw the fate of what had so late
Delighted her watchful eye.

But where was the one, who had spoiled it,
Concealing his guilty face?
She had not a clue whereby to pursue
The rogue to his lurking-place.

Thought kit, "I'll keep still till 't is over,
And none will suspect it was I."
For the puss awoke, when her mistress spoke,
And she well understood the cry.

But, mewing at length for her dinner,
Kit's mouth confessed the whole truth:
It opened so wide, that her mistress spied
A rose-leaf pierced by her tooth.

Then kit was expelled from the parlor
All covered with shame. And those
Inclined, like her, in secret to err,
Should remember kit with the rose.

THE STORM IN THE FOREST.

The storm in the forest is rending and sweeping;
While tree after tree bows its stately green head;
The flowerets beneath them are bending and weeping;
And leaves, torn and trembling, all round them are spread.

The bird that had roamed, till she thinks her benighted,
Dismayed, hastens back to her home in the wood;
And flags not a wing, till her bosom, affrighted,
Has laid its warm down o'er her own little brood.

And they, since that fond one so quickly has found them,
To shelter their heads from the rain and the blast,
Shall fearless repose, while the bolts burst around them;
And lie calm and safe, till the darkness is past.

Hast thou, too, not felt, when the tempest was drearest,
And rending thy covert, or shaking thy rest,
Thine own blessed angel that moment the nearest —
Thy screen in his pinion — thy shield in his breast?

When clouds frowned the darkest, and perils beset
thee,
Till each prop of earth seemed to bend, or to
break,
Did e'er thy good angel turn off, and forget thee?
The mother her little ones, then, may forsake!

Ah, no! thou shalt feel thy protector the surer—
The sun, in returning, more cheering and warm;
And all things around thee, seem fresher and purer,
And touched with new glory, because of the
storm!

THE UPROOTED ELM.

Alas! alas! my good old tree,
A fatal change is past on thee!
And now thine aged form I see,
  All helpless, lying low:
The rending tempest, in its flight
'Mid darkness of the wintry night,
Hath struck thee, passing in its might,
  And felled thee at a blow.

And never more the blooming spring
Shall to thy boughs rich verdure bring,
Or her gay birds, to flit and sing
  Where their first plumage grew;
For thou, so long, so fondly made
My eye's delight, my summer shade,
Here, as a lifeless king, art laid
  In state, for all to view.

Thy noble trunk and reverend head,
Defined on that cold, snow-white bed,
And those old arms, so widely spread,
  Thy hopelessness declare:
Thy roots, in earth concealed so long —
That struck so deep, with hold so strong,
Upturned with many a broken prong,
  Are quivering high in air.

But yester-eve I saw thee stand,
With lofty front, with aspect grand,
Where thou hadst braved the ruthless hand
  Of time, and spread, and towered;
And stood the rain, the hail, the blast,
Till more than hundred years had passed:
To fall so suddenly at last,
  Forever overpowered!

Yet, while I sadly ponder o'er
What now thou art, and wast before,
Were sighs to rise, and tears to pour,
  Like summer winds and rain;
Not all the sighs and drops of grief
Could bring to thee one bud or leaf;
Thou liest so like a stricken chief,
  By one swift arrow slain.

But may'st thou prove an emblem true
Of what the spoiler's hand shall do
With one, who pensive here would view
  A shadowy type in thee!
Let not the conqueror piecemeal slay,
With power by power in slow decay;
But strike, and all in ashes lay!
  Farewell, my good old tree!

THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

Through the clouds that veil the sky,
Come, O sun, and sweetly smile!
Show thy glory to mine eye,
So my heart may beam the while.

Come, and chase this day of night,
For the world is sadly dim.
To thy blessed face of light
Let my spirit sing her hymn.

Now, in silence and alone,
I, to pass the heavy hour,
Sit and fancy nature's moan
After thy reviving power.

Blasts of wildered, wandering air,
Asking where thy face can be,
Chill and cheerless, every where,
Sighing, wailing, seek for thee.

Mourning o'er the earth is spread;
Bud and flower look pale with grief.
Sick, the plant has hung its head;
Dulness weighs on every leaf.

Not a bird is heard to sing.
  Reft of thine inspiring ray,
As a lyre of every string,
  Each from sight is hid away.

Sable clouds, that veil the blue
  Of the skies, their shadows throw
Here, until their sombre hue
  Gives a cast to all below.

Come, O sun, and through the gloom
  Let thy beaming vesture fall!
Bringing music, joy and bloom,
  Spread thy mantle o'er us all.

What were there on earth to love —
  What were beauteous, bright, or dear,
Wert thou not so true above,
  And thy holy influence here?

MY ROSE TREE.

Rose tree, O! my beauteous rose tree,
Often have I longed to know
How thy tender leaves were moulded —
How thy buds are burst, and blow.

I have watered, sunned, and trained thee,
And have watched thee many an hour,
Yet I never could discover
How a bud becomes a flower.

So, last night I thought about thee
On my pillow, till, at last,
I was gone in quiet slumber;
And a dream before me passed.

In it, I beheld my rose tree
Stripped of flower, and bud and leaf;
While thy naked stalk and branches
Filled me with surprise and grief.

Then, methought, I wept to see thee
Spoiled of all that made thee dear,
Till a band of smiling angels
Mildly shining, hovered near.

Gently as they gathered round thee,
All in silence, one of them
Laid his soft, fair fingers on thee,
Pulling leaves from out the stem.

One by one thy twigs he furnished
With a dress of foliage green;
While another angel followed,
Bringing buds the leaves between.

Then came one the buds to open;
He their silken rolls unsheathed,
While the one who tints the roses,
Through their loosened foldings breathed.

Then the angel of the odors
Filled each golden-bottomed cell,
Till, between the parting petals,
Free on air the fragrance fell.

Lifting then their shining pinions,
Quick the angels passed from sight;
Leaving, where aloft they vanished,
But a stream of fading light.

There I heard sweet strains of music,
And their voices far above,
Dying in the azure distance,
Naming thee a gift of love.

And, my rose tree stood before me,
  Finished thus by angel hands;
Perfect in its bloom and fragrance,
  Beautiful, as now it stands.

Hence, whenever I behold thee,
  I shall think of angels too;
And the countless works of goodness
  They descend on earth to do.

All unseen and silent, round us
  They their careful watches keep;
Whether we may wake, or slumber,
  Guardian angels never sleep!

THE INFANT BAPTIST.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel.

LUKE i. 80.

CHILD, amid the honeyed flowers
Passing life's bright morning hours —
Playing in the silver rills,
Where they bathe Judea's hills —
Looking, with an earnest eye,
At the wild bird flitting by —
Infant of the joyous heart,
Canst thou tell me who thou art?

Thou, whose little hand in play
Hurls the clustered grapes away;
While thou lov'st to watch the bee,
Or to win a lamb to thee,
And to see the fleecy flock
Resting by the shadowy rock,—
Know'st thou, tender, beauteous boy,
What's thine errand — whence thy joy?

'T was thy name that Gabriel spoke,
By the altar, while the smoke
From thy father's incense rolled,
When thy being was foretold!
Thou art come, the promised one,
As the dayspring to the sun,

Soon to usher in new light
Through the realms of death and night!

Heavenly innocence is now
Marked upon thy peaceful brow:
God's own Spirit filleth thee,
Sainted babe; for thou art he,
Who before the Lamb shall go,
Crying, that the world may know
He hath life to give the dead,
In the blood he comes to shed!

Though, from nature wild and rude,
Come thy raiment, rest, and food,
Nightly o'er thy desert sleep,
Angels shall their vigils keep;
Through the wilderness by day,
They will guard and lead the way;
Till to Israel thou appear,
Showing heaven's mild kingdom near.

High and glorious, then, the part
For thine eye, and hand, and heart!
When thy feet, on Jordan's side,
Feel the waters, as they glide,
Thou the Son of God shalt see,
Come to be baptized of thee —
Hear him named, and see the Dove
Resting on him from above!

HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE, holy and calm!
From tumult and crowds breaking free,
I fly, sick and sad, for the balm
I find given only by thee.

Too oft from thy peace I depart,
Kind guardian, friend of my soul,—
And then bring an earth-wounded heart
For thee to bind up and make whole.

My spirit, now worn and oppressed,
Her wings in thy bosom hath furled,
To sink, as a bird in its nest,
Away from a cold, faithless world!

Alarmed at the shade and the chill,
That o'er me its visions have cast,
I here would lie lowly and still,
Till sorrow's dark night hours are past.

And then, from the dust may I rise,
To mount, as the lark from her sod;
And sing, as the morn of my skies
Appears in the smile of my God.

O solitude, sacred and sweet;
  Whilst thus in thy bosom I lie,
Earth's baubles are under my feet —
  My heart and its treasure, on high.

THE BIBLE IN THE FIELDS.

I LOVE to take this holy book,
In summer's balmy hours,
To study it beside the brook,
Or by the trees and flowers.

For here I read about the God,
Who made this world so fair,
The skies — the stream — the grassy sod
And bloom, that scents the air.

The birds flit round, and sweetly sing
Of him, who feeds them all, —
Who lifts the towering eagle's wing,
And marks the sparrow's fall.

The violet, from its soft green bed,
To speak his goodness too,
Presents its tender, purple head
Baptized with silvery dew.

And here the busy bee I view,
As she comes swiftly by,
And seems to ask, if she should do
More work, or good than I.

Her waxen house betimes to build
I see her wisely bent;
And then, with bread and honey filled
To have it, still intent.

The bees I find their sweets supplied
In wild Judea's land,
To feed the Baptist, when he cried,
"Heaven's kingdom is at hand."

And when our Saviour, from the grave,
Had asked his friends for meat,
He ate the honey-comb they gave;
And showed his hands and feet.

This volume of his will revealed
I here can read within,
"Behold the lilies of the field —
They neither toil nor spin!"

And yet the king "was not arrayed
In glory, like to them;"
Their Maker's power is so displayed
In flower and leaf and stem.

And he sat on the mountain's side,
Who spake these blessed words,
Before him flowery fields spread wide —
Around were trees and birds.

The fleecy flocks, that sport so free
On hill and valley deep,
I love to watch: and here I see
'T is written, "Feed my sheep."

For thus I seem to keep in view,
And feel how near I am
To that dear friend of children, who
Has named himself THE LAMB.

THE HOARY HEAD.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Aged man, with locks so hoary,
High estate dost thou possess!
They appear thy crown of glory,
In the way of righteousness.

Jewels, not of man's preparing,
Form the shining diadem,
Thou art from thy Sovereign wearing:
God's own finger silvered them.

Thine are honors, proved and heightened
By the gift of lengthened years;
In affliction's furnace brightened,
Tried by cares, and washed with tears.

Like thy Master, meek and lowly,
Thou a thorny earth hast trod;
With thy breast a high and holy
Temple of the living God.

Aged saint, thy form is bending,
Sere and withered, to the tomb;
But thy spirit, upward tending,
Budded for immortal bloom.

MY FATHER.

"In the evening time there shall be light."

Sacred the hour when thou, my sainted father,
Wast of thy worn-out, sinking clay undressed,
Softly, by his pale hand, who comes to gather
Time's weary pilgrims home to joy and rest.

Noiseless, and clear, and holiest of the seven,
That day when thy last earthly sun went down:
Thy Sabbath, closing here, began in heaven;
Whilst thy meek brow changed ashes for a crown.

Hush was the evening; not a zephyr swelling
Heaved the tree-blossom, or the woodbine leaves;
Silent the bird, that sang about our dwelling,
Slept where she nestled, close beneath its eaves.*

Cloudless the moon and stars above were shining,
When time's last ray to thy mild eye was shed;
While death's cold touch, life's silver cord untwining,
Brought his chill night-dew on thy reverend head.

* A robin had, this spring, been seen taking materials from an old nest on an apple-tree near the door, and carrying them to the corner of the house, where she built on the top of the water-conductor, and close under the eaves, so near my father's chamber, that, when her brood had peeped, if the window was opened, their voices could be heard in the room, while she was feeding them.

Ninety full years of pilgrimage completing,
Here didst thou linger till one Sabbath more:
'T was holy time; thy pure heart stilled its beating;
Pain, work, and warfare were forever o'er!

Meet hour for one, obedient, meek, and lowly,
Wont, by command of Heaven, the day to keep,
Called, at its evening, to the High and Holy,
Peaceful in Jesus thus to fall asleep!

Sweetly thy form, that seemed a blissful dreamer,
Told, by its features, how the spirit smiled,
Through the dark, shadowy vale, by thy Redeemer
Led to his mansion, like a little child.

Nature's full hand, that, on thy natal morning,
Clothed earth to greet thee in the flowers of May,
Brought them renewed; thy burial-spot adorning,
When fourscore years and ten had rolled away.

Now, while the robin, past the window flying,
Leads off her young, forsaking here her nest,
Constant the wild bird, where thy dust is lying,
Sings her sweet hymn, a requiem to its rest.

There has it joined the ashes of my mother,
Faithful, rewedded to its only bride;
And there thy latest-born, my younger brother,
Thy fond heart's care, sleeps closely by her side.

Yet, angel father, over Jordan's water
Is it so far, that now thou canst not see
Back to the shore, where lonely stands thy daughter,
Sprinkling its rocks and thorns with tears for thee?

Art thou so distant, visions of thy glory
May not be granted to her mortal sight;
When she so long watched o'er thy head so hoary,
Smoothing its pillow, till that mournful night?

Since here so oft, in pain, the path of duty
Thy patient feet, with steady steps, have trod,
Safe now they walk the golden streets in beauty;
And, O! thy blessed eyes, in peace, see God!

A SAGE HATH DEPARTED.

The Lord, from his cloudy pavilion, hath spoken
The soul to himself, and its dust to the clod;
The cord He hath loosed, and the golden bowl broken,
Who formed them so precious. Be still! it is God.

A sage hath departed! the cities sit weeping;
From land unto land does the gloom spread away.
The seas give their wail to the winds o'er them sweeping —
The spirit, that spanned them, hath passed from the clay!

His form, pale and cold, the dark mansion encloses;
Around it, Philanthropy, Science and Art
Their tears for their friend, as in death he reposes,
Shower warm o'er the hand, and the head, and the heart.

But there, while affection her tribute is giving,
The beauty, the grandeur, the power of his mind
The grave cannot hide! in his deeds he is living;
He shines in the light he diffused for mankind!

That mind, as a guide that trod paths on the ocean
Its marks o'er the billowy desert to place,
While man has a heart, and the deep is in motion,
The wide world shall honor, the mariner trace.

The stars in their courses to grasp and to measure,
His eye loved the blue arch of ether to climb;
His soul rose beyond them to lay up a treasure
More bright than the stars, more enduring than time.

And here, while the sorrowing Salem * is shrouded
In weeds, for the son of her pride and her love,
'T is his to behold, with a vision unclouded,
The glories unveiled of the Salem above.

With Bowditch inscribed, for the whole earth's revering,
In letters of light to each point beaming round,
A monument formed of his works, now is rearing
Its head, where with clusters of planets 't is crowned.

* His birth-place.

THE BURIAL OF SCHILLER.

The still and solemn, shadowy hour,
When Saturday in Sabbath dies,
O'er Weimar hangs; with clouds that lower
And veil in black the moon and skies.

Lo! from yon mansion lights appear,
Pale glimmering through the midnight gloom.
A coffined form is on the bier,
And thence borne forward to the tomb.

The funeral train, how sad and slow
They follow that cold sleeping clay;
While sighs and sobs of bitter wo
Sound deep along the silent way.

And now, the open grave beside,
That dismal bier the bearers rest;
And heavier waves of sorrow's tide
Roll mighty o'er each mourner's breast.

From him who slumbers in the shroud,
As tremblingly they lift the pall,
The moon rends off her veil of cloud,
And o'er him lets her lustre fall.

She beams her silvery, soft adieu,
And is again in darkness hid;
As if affrighted, thus to view
The name on that dread coffin lid.

For 't is her lover, now no more —
Her friend, whom they to dust consign!
And ne'er again is she to pour
Her light, — for eyes like his to shine.

'T is done, — the fearful, final rite,
Too sacred for the glare of day,
Has passed beneath the shadowy night —
Earth, earth has closed o'er SCHILLER'S clay!

But, hark! the heavens in thunder groan;
They weep in torrents o'er his bed;
And searching, fiery bolts are thrown,
As if to find and wake the dead.

These funeral honors, so sublime,
Befit him well to whom they 're paid;
And, at the birth of holy time,
'T is meet his dust at rest be laid.

His spirit, bright with heavenly fire,
Has burned its way through mortal strife;
And gained its high, intense desire
To solve the mystery of life.

It is the budding month of May:
  This passing storm will call the bloom;
A tribute nature soon will pay,
  To dress her deathless Poet's tomb.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR PRESIDENT HARRISON.

A WO-STRICKEN people, in sorrow we gather!
The dawn of our glory, our hopes full in bloom
Are changed, with the face of our Chieftain, our Father,
To sable and cypress to hang round his tomb.

While pale in the shroud lies the Patriot sleeping,
A light, that for earth is no longer to burn,
Removed from its place, a sad nation is weeping;
And dark, where it shone, falls the shade of an urn.

When loud, through the land, hill and valley and mountain
Were sounding his name, and reflecting its beams,
The death-angel's wand opened grief's bitter fountain,
To quench their warm joys with its far-flowing streams.

Alas! that the spoiler so early must sever
A tie, which the hearts of a country had bound
To him, who is gone — who is gone, and forever,
To join the bright hosts who their Saviour surround!

Our Father in heaven, yet grant us another,
Like him, who has left us, as orphans, below!
O did not the Sage on his dear younger Brother,
When called to thy presence, his mantle bestow?

To Thee, who, from darkness, thy children hast stricken,
We cry with our wound, asking balm from the Tree,
Whose leaves heal the nations: Hear, hear us, and quicken
Our wandering feet to return unto Thee!

DIRGE FOR FELICIA HEMANS.

They hovered around her, an angel band:
They listened her notes to hear.
The voice was one of their own bright land;
But stained was the harp in their sister's hand,
With marks of the falling tear.

They saw she had wreathed it with deathless flowers;
While many a beauteous leaf,
That looked like the growth of their heavenly bowers,
Was pale with the shade of her darksome hours,
Or wet with the dews of grief.

Then gently from under her hand they took
Her harp, and laid it aside:
The tremulous chords, at her parting look
And the farewell sweep of her fingers, shook,
And snapped as her numbers died.

The angels had whispered of joys above,
And wooed her with them to soar,
Till spreading her wings like a peaceful dove,
Her spirit arose for a world of love
To wander on earth no more.

Britannia, drop thy heaviest tear!
O weep! it will be forgiven,
That, fain we had kept in her bondage here
A soul so pure, and a voice so dear
Had longer withheld from heaven.

SHE DIED, AS DAWNED HER NATAL DAY.

She died, as dawned her natal day!
Amid the buds and flowers of May
Her spirit left the beauteous clay,
  In death's deep slumber here;
And mounting up her starry way,
  Attained that holier sphere,
Where falls no night o'er birth-day light —
  No sorrow brings a tear.

The joy and glory of the skies
With radiance fill her heavenly eyes,
Where thornless flowers around her rise,
  And founts that ne'er shall fail;
While here her form so lowly lies
  All silent, cold and pale;
Where dews distil, and night-winds chill
  Moan through the shadowy vale.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AFTER THE LINES OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

Close to the lines that her dear hand had traced,
  Who took so soon an angel's form on high —
After her name is my memorial placed
  For thee, my friend, and it shall tell thee why.

I find a sweetness where her spirit breathed:
  A sacred halo round her name is thrown;
So, with the flowers that here her fingers wreathed
  To borrow life from them, I twine my own.

Fresh in thy heart and mine her memory lives,
  Fragrant and fair, and thornless in its bloom:
Here with the precious odor that it gives,
  I fain my simple offering would perfume.

Then, whatsoe'er the change that comes to me —
  Though death or duty put me far away,
These silent leaves may still unfold to thee
  The wish of one who was thy friend to-day.

Peace be to thee — long life, and joy, and health
  The blest allotment of thy sojourn here;
The portion of a child of God, thy wealth,
  When time must close, and earth shall disappear!

THE SOVEREIGN OF BABYLON.

The monarch has opened his banqueting hall
For his thousand lords, and his ladies all!
The sparkling wine to each guest is poured,
And mirth swells high at the festal board,
Where none hath the heart more careless and light,
Than he, whose glory must end to-night.

With the cup and the revel the king grows bold —
He calls for the vessels of silver and gold;
The spoils his idolatrous father brought,
'Mid the impious deeds which that proud one wrought,
From the temple of God, at Jerusalem,
That he and his nobles may drink from them.

Each sacred vessel they fill and raise
To a laughing lip, as it speaks the praise
Of the gods of metal, of wood and stone,
But mocks at the name of the Holy One,
Whose finger this hour shall come so near: —
That lip will quiver and blanch with fear.

Monarch! what's there, on the lighted wall,
That can fix thy gaze and thy spirit appall?
Why is thy countenance changed, O king?
Is it one of thy gods this awe can bring,
Which makes thy knees together to smite,
Thine eye so wild, and thy cheek so white?

"A hand! a hand! it hath written a line!
And who will the terrible words define?
A chain of gold shall encircle his neck —
A vesture of scarlet his form shall deck —
And the third, as ruler, shall be that seer,
With honor and power throughout Chaldea!"

Not all the wise and the learned of thine,
Poor impotent one, shall explain that line!
But the captive of Judah, him thy queen
Has bid thee summon — let him be seen!
His eye prophetic receives its sight
From the Being, who caused the hand to write.

The slave is brought to the potentate!
To spurn his gifts, but to read his fate;
To whom 't is inscribed on the lofty wall,
"Thou art weighed, found wanting, and now must
fall!
Thy kingdom is numbered — the Persian and Mede
Shall hence to thy throne and thy power succeed!"

They come! — the foemen — nor sword nor flight,
Shall win for that monarch the morning light!
The haughty head where the crown was set,
In dust is pillowed — with gore is wet!
Ye, who are trusting in honor and gold,
Look on him now, and your strength behold!

THE DEER STRICKEN BY TORCH-LIGHT.

The arrow! the arrow is fast in his side!
And still through the forest they follow
The poor stricken deer, that has nowhere to hide,
And dared not to pause where the cool waters glide,
When, leaping the brook, he would almost have died,
One draught from its ripple to swallow.

That deep-planted arrow! O how can he bear
The anguish of feeling it quiver,
When shook by the branches, the wave, or the air,
As forward he bounds, but without heeding where,
From thicket to crag, with the force of despair,
To plunge in the cold, sweeping river?

They hunted him hard, till the sun in the west
Had sunk, while their aim he evaded.
At evening, he sought a calm refuge of rest,
And dropped from pursuit, by his terrors oppressed,
Beneath the close branches, in verdure full-dressed,
By night and the covert o'ershaded.

But ah, the poor deer! they had doomed him to die!
For near the green turf where he laid him,
They lighted the torch, and they brandished it high;

It glared through the boughs on his tender black
eye,
That fatally shone for the death-shaft to fly;
His beauty, his beaming betrayed him:

He cannot by flying now loosen the dart,
The end of his tortures to quicken,
By letting the life in one blood-gush depart.
He seeks a retreat, like the warm, wounded heart,
When, lone, slow, and silent, the victim of art,
It dies, as a deer that is stricken.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHIRA.*

Sapphira, Sapphira, awake!
  Alas! she is gone in the sleep
That but the archangel can break;
  For life hath no slumber so deep.

'T is death! his pale ashes are cast
  On those withered lips, where but now
An insult to Heaven was passed;
  His dumbness hath followed the vow.

A bolt from above, swift and sure,
  Hath blasted the pride of the clay;
The spirit, in boldness secure,
  In guilt hath been stricken away.

O child of delusion! to stand
  The chosen of Jesus among,
To cover the fraud of thy hand,
  By falsehood to him on thy tongue!

How vain, the deceit of the heart
  To shroud in a mantle so frail!
Its perfidy, thus by its art,
  To think from Omniscience to veil!

* This piece originally illustrated an engraving.

Lost woman! but three hours before,
The form of thy partner in sin
Was borne, wan and cold, from the door,
Where thou didst so rashly come in.

And they, who had carried him out,
The clods o'er his bosom to lay,
Were waiting, the threshold about,
To bear thee to darkness away.

Sapphira, could Mercy restore,
Or Pity thy spirit recall,
To light up its dwelling once more,
It should not thus hopelessly fall.

But Mercy besought thee in vain,
From death's awful brink to recede;
To shun the despair and the pain
Where she is forbidden to plead.

And Pity's warm tear-drops must roll
The more, that she cannot relume
The clay whence the self-wounded soul
Hath rushed to a suicide's doom.

How potent, how maddening the love,
O gold, of a mortal must be,
To challenge an arm from above—
To stake earth and heaven for thee!

For Justice to Judgment will call;
And who shall their coming abide,
When wrath the most fearful of all,
"The wrath of the Lamb," is defied?

WILLIAM AT SEA.

Whilst thou art away, where the proud waves are swelling
Beneath thy light bark, ever mindful of thee,
The days of thine absence, at home we are telling,
And counting the hours of our William at sea.

And thou, whether cradled to sleep by the billow,
Or watching the sport of the spray and the foam,
If pensive on deck, or in dreams on thy pillow,
We know hast thy soul rapt with visions of home.

We know, when the sun mounts the east in his glory,
Or smiles a "good night," as the west he descends,
Thy heart, pointing back, to itself tells the story
Of mansion paternal, and kindred and friends.

And when at the morning and evening devotion,
While bending with offerings of praise and of prayer,
To God we commend thee afar on the ocean,
We feel thou art kneeling for us to him there.

While months on the waters, long months are
before thee,
The two fluid worlds thou art tossing between—
The cold deep below, and the skies bending o'er
thee,
Alone by their changes will vary the scene.

Or, if a bright isle, on the flood-waste upstarting,
Rude ocean's green oasis, rest thy glad eye,
'T will fade as a cloud — as a phantom departing,
'T will sink in the circle that bounds sea and sky.

Should some white-winged ship, with her light
pennon streaming,
Thy heart on that wide watery desert to cheer,
Arise, like a star through night's solitude beaming,
With meteor swiftness she 'll soon disappear.

And when the coy sea-bird, a wild ether-sailor,
Comes near on her passage, for one language
more,
O ! how wilt thou long, ere she flies thee, to hail her,
To ask whither bound, and the tidings from
shore !

Yet, while so unstable, so pathless and lonely,
Thy way o'er that desolate deep may be found,
'T is marked with the impress of Deity only ;
His merciful arms will thy frailty surround.

'T is grand, 't is ennobling, while feeling and knowing
His presence is power, and his banner is love,
To look from that flood, to the firmament showing
Bright shadowings-forth of his glory above.

And, William, though tempest and terrors assail thee —
Though clouds rolled on clouds hide the stars and the sun,
Thy soul's chosen Friend never, never will fail thee!
Winds and waves but obey that omnipotent ONE.

While o'er and around thee thick darkness may gather;
When wide yawns the deep, and the surges swell high,
Thy spirit may hear the kind voice of her Father,
Still whispering, "Be of good cheer; it is I."

And safe may he bear thee through perils and changes
Besetting his course, who so widely would roam,
Then speed thy return from the land of the Ganges,
From pagod and painim! Dear William, come home.

Come home, where the eyes beam through tears
to behold thee;
Where arms open wide to receive thee will be;
And promise, while yet to the heart they infold thee
To be, never after, our William at sea!

MY PORTRAIT.

Well, thou art done, cold, speechless thing;
  Yet, in thy silence, with the power
A crowd of feelings deep to bring
  Unknown until the present hour.

But wherefore done, to life so true?
  Not human pride, nor vanity
Could ask the artist hand to do,
  And show the world a deed like thee.

And was it simple most, or kind
  To have upon the canvass cast
My semblance, thus to leave behind
  My shadow, when myself am past?

I know not if another eye
  Will ever weep beside thee, more
Than mine does now, I know not why —
  It never dropped such tears before.

I view thee as a piece, composed
  To last, when I have passed from sight —
When time and earth to me are closed,
  To be in time and earthly light.

Perhaps 't is this, that makes me weep —
  The thought that I shall pass away,
And those, who have thee then to keep,
  May glance at thee, and still be gay.

But why should grief be felt by me,
  For fear that others will not grieve?
And what to others then will be
  A shade of life, that I may leave?

Still, from their deep, mysterious spring
  Gush up these hot, resistless tears;
Whilst thou, cold, heartless, stoic thing,
  Dost wear a smile that 's set for years.

Years! Ah, but then, when years shall wipe
  From being every line of thee,
The spirit, which thy prototype
  Enshrined, shall live eternally!

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

She wrapped her in her sable cloak,
And walked beside the sea;
But seldom of her sorrow spoke,—
Too full of grief was she!

'T was this that made her heart so sad,
To view the ocean wide:
The only son, that widow had,
Went out to sea and died.

And then, in that great, rolling deep,
With solemn, tearful eyes,
His mess-mates lowered him down, to sleep
Till all the dead shall rise.

But where, among those waters vast,
With ceaseless fall and swell,
Her child to that repose had passed,
The mother none could tell.

She therefore questioned wave on wave,
As up they heaved to shore,
If they had rolled across his grave,
Whom she must see no more.

And often, when she marked a ship
With full, returning sail,
The color would forsake her lip,
And speech and vision fail.

For, O! she thought about the one
That spread its canvass white,
To waft away her only son
Forever from her sight!

But still, amid the bitter grief
Which wrung that widow's heart,
Her spirit felt the sweet relief
That faith and hope impart.

She knew her son had ever kept
The path to heavenly rest —
That, when he sank in death, he slept
Upon a Saviour's breast.

"My heavenly Father," she would say,
"I know the troubled sea
But holds from me the precious clay:
My child's at home with thee!"

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Composed in its beauty, the fair infant slept;
But still the young mother sat by it and wept:
She rocked not the cradle, she sang not the song,
The sleep of her dear, only child to prolong.

The same fleecy cover, so soft and so warm,
That oft wrapped it sleeping, lay light o'er its form;
Its pillow was downy, and smooth was its bed,
And yet, that sad mother! her fond bosom bled.

She knew that no dream of her babe, in its rest,
Was now of her voice, or its home on her breast;
She caught not the sound nor the balm of its breath:
She knew that her little one slumbered in death!

A hand with the pencil was called to portray
The features and form of her child as it lay;
But false were the hues and the touches of art
To paint the bright image enshrined in her heart.

Its lustre was drawn from a glory on high:
No pencil of earth could the likeness supply;
Nor yet on the canvass was mortal to trace
A smile the pure spirit had left on that face.

The skies, as they opened, their guest to receive,
Had shed, on the dust they allured it to leave,
A sign of the peace, of the joy, and the love,
Encircling for aye the young angel above.

That mother rose calm, when the beautiful clay
Must be from her sight laid forever away!
The gloom left her soul, as a cloud leaves the sun;
It whispered, "Thy will, O my Father, be done!"

EVENING AT ANDOVER SEMINARY-HILL.

I STOOD on that majestic height,
The lofty Hill of Andover,
Where sacred science holds the light
That beams to distant lands from her.

For there the school of sages stands,
Where, from afar, disciples meet
For lore divine, in holy bands
To sit and learn at Wisdom's feet.

Within its consecrated walls
Is kept and taught Jehovah's will: —
The LAW, whose voice in thunder falls —
The GOSPEL, whispering, "*Peace! be still!*"

The structures while I viewed around,
I seemed to breathe Mount's Zion's air;
I set my foot with awe profound,
As if the ark of God were there.

Each earthly care was calm and dumb,
For holier thoughts the soul to fill;
As if the Shechinah had come
To rest upon that reverend hill.

A mellow glory crowned its head;
And from its foot, in landscape wide,
Profusely nature's charms were spread,
Till in the distance vision died.

It was a summer day's decline:
The drowsy flowers began to close;
The breezes lulled, that stirred the vine;
And all things tended to repose.

The sun, adown the western skies,
Was sinking fast to pass from view,
Calm as the righteous when he dies
To earth, in heaven to live anew.

And thence, on edifice and site,
His golden smile was backward cast,
As if he loved that favored height
To bless the longest and the last.

In eastern splendor, then arrayed,
The full-orbed moon arose serene,
Through evening's hush and night's cool shade
To throw her lustre o'er the scene.

Her silvery vesture wrapped in sheen
The stately seminary pile,
And fell on tree, and flower, and green,
Where pearly dews distilled the while.

And through the chapel's crystal shone
  Her light, within the place of prayer,
Till bright-winged angels, from the throne
  Above, seemed met and hovering there.

It was a scene — it was an hour
  A spirit bowed in dust to raise
Ennobled, till its every power,
  Awaked to joy, was tuned to praise.

Clear as that sun, fair as that moon,
  Shall thy dear Zion rise and shine
Above her foes — Ah! Lord, how soon? —
  When shall the ends of earth be thine?

HYMN OF THE PARTING CLASS.

SUNG BY THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

We feel the parting angel's hand
Is in our midst, to loose the band
So close, so sacred, and so dear,
That long hath bound us, brethren, here.

No more within this hallowed place,
United at the throne of grace,
Our prayers shall rise — our voices pour
In praise, when this, our song is o'er.

To each we hear the Saviour say
We to his work must hence away;
For great the field — the laborers few!
What wilt thou, Lord, have us to do?

O send thy Spirit from above
To fire our hearts with heavenly love;
And light our lips with truth, that we
May, witnesses, go forth for thee.

And may we count all else as loss
To spread the glory of thy cross —
From shades and death redeemed, to bring
The priceless jewels of our King.

On distant islands of the sea —
On heathen shores our lot may be,
To dying souls to bear the bread
And balm of life on Calvary shed.

Yet, though our lines be marked afar,
And some beneath a foreign star,
We may look upward to the Sun
Of righteousness, and still be one.

And when our works of faith are past,
In joy we 'll meet on high at last;
And there, in praise, our voices swell
The song, where enters no farewell.

THE SPECKLED ONE.

Poor speckled one! none else will deign
To waft thy name around;
So, let me take it on my strain,
To give it air and sound.

Yes — air and sound, low child of earth!
For these are oft the things
That give a name its greatest worth,
Its gorgeous plumes and wings.

But do not shun me thus, and hop
Affrighted from my way.
Dismiss thy terrors — turn, and stop;
And hear what I may say.

Meek, harmless thing, afraid of man?
This truly should not be.
Then calmly pause, and let me scan
My Maker's work in thee.

For both of us to him belong;
We 're fellow-creatures here;
And power should not be armed with wrong,
Nor weakness filled with fear.

I know it is thy humble lot
To burrow in a hole —
To have a form I envy not,
And that without a soul.

In motion, attitude and limb
I see thee void of grace;
And that a look supremely grim,
Reigns o'er thy solemn face.

But thou for this art not to blame;
Nor should it make us load
With obloquy, and scorn, and shame
The honest name of Toad.

For, though so low on nature's scale —
In presence so uncouth,
Thou ne'er hast told an evil tale
Of falsehood, or of truth.

Thy thoughts are ne'er on malice bent —
Nor hands to mischief prone;
Nor yet thy heart to discontent;
Though spurned, and poor and lone.

No coveting nor envy burns
In thy bright golden eye,
That calm and innocently turns
On all below the sky.

Thy cautious tongue and sober lip
No words of folly pass,
Nor, are they found to taste and sip
The madness of the glass.

Thy frugal meal is often drawn
From earth, and wood, and stone;
And when thy means by these are gone,
Thou seem'st to live on none.

I hear that in an earthen jar
Sealed close, shut up alive,
From food, drink, air, sun, moon and star,
Thou 'lt live and even thrive:

And that no moan, or murmuring sound
Will issue from the lid
Of thy dark dwelling under ground,
When it is deeply hid.

Thou hast, as 't were, a secret shelf
Whereon is a supply,
Of nourishment within thyself,
Concealed from mortal eye.

Methinks this self-sustaining art
'T were well for us to know,
To keep us up in flesh and heart,
When outer means grow low.

Could we contain our riches thus,
On such mysterious shelves,
Why, none could rob or beggar us;
Unless we lost ourselves!

But ah! my Toadie, there 's the rub,
With every human breast —
To live as in the cynic's tub,
And yet be self-possessed!

For, how to let no boast get round
Beyond our tub, to show
That we in head and heart are sound,
Is one great thing to know.

And yet, the prison-staves and hoop
To let no murmur through,
However hard we find the coop,
Is greater still to do.

Then go, thou sage, resigned and calm;
Amid thy low estate,
And to thy burrow bear the palm
For victory over fate.

We conquer, when we meekly bear
The lot we cannot shape,
And hug to death the ills and care
From which there 's no escape.

THE MOON OF A WINTRY NIGHT.

Moon, thou art wading through the gathered snow,
That o'er us, on the fields of ether spread,
Threatens, ere morning to be here below,
To lie where our poor mortal feet must tread.

Thy face is muffled in a gelid haze,
That shrouds its lustre like a frozen veil;
And kills the twinkling of the starry rays,
Till all on high looks cheerless, dim, and pale.

It gives almost the ague, to behold
The skies so rayless, yet so far from dark;
As when our hearth's white ashes, tired and cold,
We stir in vain to find one pleasant spark.

Yet, by to-morrow's eve our parts may shift,
And thou be shining there, serene and clear,
While we are hedged by many a frigid drift;
Or sleigh-bells shrill may pierce the tingling ear.

How dreary then the scene for thy mild beams
To light, and for the burning stars to view!
The hard ice coating all the lakes and streams,
And one dead white where late gay flowerets grew.

The naked trees, that stand with buried feet,
  Like skeletons, will slender shadows throw
On what seems spread as nature's winding-sheet,
  While her slain beauties lie concealed below.

Then, but to look abroad on vale and hill,
  Where one pale uniform invests the whole,
Though it should make one's vital current chill,
  It must not let in winter to the soul!

It must not bring a frost upon the heart,
  To kill affection's tendrils—friendship's root,
Where vernal shoots and buds should ever start,
  And grow with summer flowers and autumn fruit:

Nor cause the streams of thought to be congealed,
  Or, pressed beneath incumbent ice, grow low;
But, like the fount that irrigates the field,
  Make bloom and verdure spring, where'er they
    flow.

It must not make our shrinking fancies flee,
  Like birds of summer from the cold withdrawn;
But wise, the mind should, like the prudent bee,
  On honey banquet, though the flowers are gone.

Nor must it strike the hopeful spirit dumb,
  Or quench the beaming of her upturned eye,
Or close her ear, or make her members numb,
  Ere her thank-offerings on the altar lie.

And yet, fair Moon, methinks I like the best
To see thy silvery lustre sprinkled here,
When these bare branches all appear full-dressed,
In some more gentle season of the year.

I love to see it, mingled with the dew,
Falling to bathe the sleeping buds and flowers;
And soft, and silent, coolly streaming through
The whispering leaves, that clothe the summer bowers.

I love to see thy beaming mantle trail
Along the flower-sprent borders of the rill,
With rich, deep shadows stamped, o'erspread the vale,
Or bind the forehead of the silent hill.

I love to see thee through the foliage peep,
Where, one soft hour before, the robin sung
Her vesper song; the while, in downy sleep,
With peaceful breast she guards her callow young.

I love to see thee, when the whip-poor-will
Moans in the hedge behind the cottage-eaves;
And when the plaintive crickets, hidden, trill
Their harvest-hymn among the golden sheaves.

But these are tender memories — ay, and more —
Fresh budding hope from memory's root that grows,

To see earth clothed in beauty as before,
When thou and we have struggled through the snows.

Then come, sweet Moon, and fondly smile on me,
From thy pure azure home, with face serene,
While I will look abroad, and up to thee,
And bless the great Creator of the scene.

Others may call thee fickle — faithless — strange,
When veiled in part, or wholly from their view;
Yet, though twelve times a year thou *seems't* to change,
Again twelve times I ever find thee true.

'T is our gross planet, heaving misty shrouds,
Or rolled before thee, that our darkness brings,
Just as earth's bulk or vapor hides or clouds
Our glorious view of higher, holier things.

TOM TAR.

I'LL tell you now about Tom Tar,
The sailor stout and bold,
Who o'er the ocean roamed so far,
To countries new and old.

Tom was a man of thousands; he
Would ne'er complain nor frown,
Though high and low the wind and sea
Might toss him up and down.

Amid the waters dark and deep,
He had the happy art,
When all around was storm, to keep
Fair weather in his heart.

Though winds were wild, and waves were rough,
He'd always cast about,
And find within he'd calm enough
To stand the storms without.

"For naught," said Tom, "is ever gained
By sighs for what we lack;
Nor can it mend a vessel strained,
To let our temper crack.

"And sure I am, the worst of storms,
That any man should dread,
Is that, which in the bosom forms,
And musters to the head."

Serene, and ever self-possessed,
His mess-mates he would cheer,
And often put their fears to rest,
When dangers gathered near.

If on the rocks the ship was cast,
And surges swept the deck,
Tom Tar was ever found the last,
Who would forsake the wreck.

And when his only hat and shoes
The waters plucked from him,
Why, these, he felt, were small to lose,
Could he keep up and swim!

Then through the billows, foam, and spray,
That rose on every hand,
He'd, somehow, always find a way
Of getting safe to land.

The secret was, the fear and love
Of Heaven had filled his soul:
His trust was firm in One above,
Howe'er the seas might roll.

And Tom had sailed to many a shore,
  And many a wonder seen:
The stories he could tell would more
  Than fill a magazine.

He 'd seen mankind in every state,
  Almost, that man can know;
But envied not the rich and great,
  Nor scorned the poor and low.

The monarch in his sight had stood,
  Superb, in glittering vest;
The savage, too, that roams the wood,
  In skins and feathers dressed.

The tribes of many an isle he knew;
  And beasts, and birds, and flowers,
And fruits, of many a shape and hue,
  In lands remote from ours.

He 'd seen the wide-winged albatross
  Her breast in ocean lave;
And bold sea-lions, playing, toss
  Their heads above the wave.

He 'd seen the dolphin, while his back
  Went flashing to the sun,
A swarm of flying fish attack,
  And swallow every one!

The porpoise and the spouting whale
  Had sported in his view;
And hungry sharks pursued his sail,
  As if they 'd eat the crew.

And ever, when Tom Tar got home,
  The children, at their play,
Were glad to have the sailor come,
  And greet them by the way.

Then, oft, some curious stone, or shell,
  The laughing girls and boys
Would find, that on their aprons fell,
  To put among their toys.

"These pearly shells," said he, "I found
  Where gloomy waters roar:
These polished stones, so smooth and round,
  Rough surges washed ashore.

"Though small to us a pebble seems,
  'T is made and marked by One,
Who gave the warmth, and lit the beams
  Of yon great shining sun.

"And when these pretty shells I find,
  Along the ocean strand,
Their beauteous finish brings to mind
  Their Maker's perfect hand.

"When on the wildest shore I'm thrown,
And far from human eye,
I think of him who made the stone,
And shell, and sea, and sky.

"For he's my friend, and I am his,
Though cold and rough the blast:
My safest guide I know he is,
Where'er my lot is cast."

When Tom passed on, the children said,
"These treasures from afar
He brought us! Blessings on his head!
For he's a good Tom Tar!"

THE SEAMAN'S HYMN.

Landmen, on your downy pillows,
While your eyes are sealed in sleep,
Seamen, tossed 'mid foam and billows,
Roam, for you, a boisterous deep.
When the glorious light of day
Is on your homes so peaceful dawning,
Along our pathless, troubled way
The surge swells high, the flood is yawning.

When earth's flowers to you are blooming,
Or your hearths are bright and warm;
We behold the wild waves booming,
Mount the shrouds, and brave the storm.
Singing birds your hearing greet —
Your hearts the kindred tone rejoices;
While winds, that on our canvass beat,
And roaring ocean join their voices.

Then, to meet the High and Holy,
When ye to his throne repair,
O before him, meek and lowly,
Bow for us, as suppliants there!
When his blessed day appears,
The dearest, best of all the seven,
Your souls the gospel herald cheers;
But none tells us of rest and heaven.

Zion, bid thy sons and daughters
  Often, on the bended knee,
Cry to Him, who rules the waters,
  For the wanderers o'er sea!
Now, to Thee, the seaman's Friend,
  Our guide — our light — our ark abiding,
Our Saviour, we our all commend,
  While time's rude waves in frailty riding.

THE MARINER'S SONG OF DEPARTURE.

While o'er the bright bay,
With her streamers at play,
Our bark in her beauty is gliding,
As brothers, are we,
The glad sons of the sea,
Our own darling element riding.

Good pilot, adieu;
For the skies are all blue;
And yonder, blue billows are bounding.
We speed from the port,
To be off by the fort,
While her gun to the sunrise is sounding.

We leave all behind,
That a warm heart can bind,
In home, love, and friendship endearing;
While hope flies before,
For a far, foreign shore,
As the hand at the rudder is steering.

And well do we know
The proud waters below,
That hence are by us to be ridden;
'Mid the corals and caves
There are mariners' graves,
Dark wrecks, and lost treasures deep hidden.

Yet, before our frail bark,
Be the way light or dark,
Our Sun, and the Star that we follow,
Is He, who unbinds
Or enchains the strong winds;
Whose hand holds the seas in its hollow.

If o'er the bright skies
The wild storm-spirit rise,
And spread his black wings full of thunder,
Our canvass we 'll reef,
Or heave-to for relief,
And safely his pinions pass under.

And so, 'mid the strife
On the flood-waves of life,
To Heaven in our ark lowly bending
For help would we cry,
Till the dove, from on high,
Appears with the peace-branch descending.

Thus, we 've friend, love, and home,
Wheresoe'er we may roam
The wide seas, from pole to equator —
We 've a light, and high-tower,
In the name and the power
Of him, who is ocean's Creator.

THE SEA-EAGLE'S FALL.

An Eagle, on his towering wing,
Hung o'er the summer sea;
And ne'er did airy, feathered king
Look prouder there than he.

He spied the finny tribes below,
Amid the limpid brine;
And felt it now was time to know
Whereon he was to dine.

He saw a noble, shining fish
So near the surface swim,
He felt at once a hungry wish
To make a feast of him.

Then straight he took his downward course;
A sudden plunge he gave;
And pouncing, seized, with murderous force,
His tempter in the wave.

He struck his talons firm and deep,
Within the slippery prize,
In hope his ruffian grasp to keep;
And high and dry to rise.

But ah! it was a fatal stoop,
As ever monarch made;
And, for that rash — that cruel swoop,
He soon most dearly paid!

The fish had too much gravity
To yield to this attack.
His feet the eagle could not free
From off the scaly back.

He'd seized on one too strong and great;
His mastery now was gone!
And on, by that prepondering weight,
And downward, he was drawn.

Nor found he here the element
Where he could move with grace;
And flap, and dash, his pinions went,
In ocean's wrinkled face.

They could not bring his talons out,
His forfeit life to save;
And planted thus, he writhed about
Upon his gaping grave.

He raised his head, and gave a shriek,
To bid adieu to light:
The water bubbled in his beak —
He sank from human sight!

The children of the sea came round,
  The foreigner to view.
To see an airy monarch drowned,
  To them was something new!

Some gave a quick, astonished look,
  And darted swift away;
While some his parting plumage shook,
  And nibbled him for prey.

O! who that saw that bird at noon
  So high and proudly soar,
Could think how awkwardly — how soon,
  He 'd fall to rise no more?

Though glory, majesty, and pride
  Were his an hour ago,
Deprived of all, that eagle died,
  For stooping once too low!

Now, have you ever known or heard
  Of biped, from his sphere
Descending, like that silly bird,
  To buy a fish so dear?

THE CAGED LION.

Lion, like a captive king,
  Sad behind thy prison grate,
Monarch, how I long to bring
  Back to thee thy lost estate!

Where thy royal kindred live —
  Where thy native sky is warm,
Sufferer, how I long to give
  Freedom to that noble form!

Gladly would I know thee there,
  Bounding over Afric's plain,
Wildly, with the desert air
  Wafting wide thy flowing mane.

Are there words that can describe
  What thou wast, at liberty,
When "The Lion of the tribe
  Of Judah" names his type in thee?

Here, beneath thy keeper's hand,
  Where the blasts of winter freeze,
Think'st thou of that palmy land,
  Thy mild country o'er the seas?

Seen but through thy prison bars,
  Round thee set so strong and thick,
Do not sun, and moon, and stars
  Make thy cowering spirit sick?

Grace, and majesty, and power
  Were thy gifts by nature made;
Yet, in one unhappy hour,
  All to lose, wast thou betrayed.

When thou first was snared and caught,
  Never after to be free,
How thy mighty spirit wrought
  In thee, like a troubled sea!

But thou didst not, couldst not think
  Of the deep indignity,
To which thou then wast doomed to sink —
  Of the exile thou must be.

Oh! that quenched and languid eye
  Tells me of a pining heart:
Homesick prisoner, sooner die
  Than remain the thing thou art.

Liberty to me and mine —
  Liberty is life and breath!
So no less to thee and thine —
  Bonds to both but lingering death.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE RED SEA.

At last have I found thee, thou dark, rolling sea!
I gaze on thy face, and I listen to thee,
With spirit o'erawed by the sight and the sound,
While mountain and desert frown gloomy around.

And thee, mighty deep, from afar I behold,
Which God swept apart for his people of old —
That Egypt's proud army, unstained by their blood,
Received on thy bed, to entomb in thy flood.

I cast my eye out, where the cohorts went down:
A throng of pale spectres, no waters can drown,
With banner and blades, seem to rise on the waves,
As Pharaoh's bold hosts rushed in arms to their graves.

But quick from the light of the skies they withdraw,
At silent Omnipotence shrinking with awe;
And each sinks away in his billowy shroud,
From him who walked here, clothed in fire and a cloud.

I stand by the pass, the freed Hebrews then trod,
Sustained by the hand of Jehovah, dry-shod;
And think how the song of salvation, they sang,
With praise to his name, through the wilderness rang.

Our Father, who then didst thine Israel guide,
Console, and rebuke in their wanderings wide,
From these gloomy waters, through this desert drear,
O still in life's maze, to thy pilgrim be near!

Let sins, that would hold in their service, or slay
The soul, that would break from their bondage away,
Forever be drowned in the blood of thy Son,
Who o'er sin and death hath the victory won.

Whilst thou, day by day, wilt thy manna bestow,
And give, for my thirst, the Rock-fountain to flow,
Refreshed by the way, will I speed to the clime
Of rest for the weary, beyond earth and time.

THE HEBREW CAPTIVES.

Our altars they razed, and our temples profaned!
The blood of our prophets and kindred they drained!
And us, from our desolate homes did they bear
Afar, the cold chains of the Painim to wear.

And they, who had carried us captive, drew nigh;
They looked on our woes with an insolent eye;
Our burdens were heavy, our fetters were strong;
And then, they required of us mirth and a song!

We hung up our harps on the willows to sleep;
By Babylon's rivers we sat down to weep;
The song of the Lord, as too holy to sound,
We shut in our souls, on that dark heathen ground.

We thought of our Zion, and sent her a sigh
By each gentle breeze, that went silently by;
But poured not the strains in the proud Painim's ear,
That God and his angels will hearken to hear!

FRAGMENTS FROM "ESTHER," A POEM.

The monarch of Persia has wrapped o'er his breast
The vesture, whose jewels emblazoned the throne:
His lovely young queen, who in sackcloth is dressed,
Is far from his presence, and weeping alone.

* * * *

And who in behalf of her people shall sue
For mercy? To whom will the sovereign give ear?
'T is death now to be, in his kingdom, a Jew —
'T is death in his presence uncalled to appear.

The wife of his bosom that peril will take!
The helpless young Jewess, so gentle and fair,
To live with her people, or die for their sake,
Will go to her lord, and her nation declare.

For little he deems that his idolized bride,
The joy of his heart — the delight of his eyes,
Is born of that race whom the Persians deride —
A people, his nation oppress and despise.

There 's wine at the palace, and feasting, and mirth;
In Esther's still chamber there 's fasting, and prayer;
While he with the crown, has the homage of earth,
She calls on her God her doomed people to spare.

She thinks of her fathers in Egypt's dark land —
She thinks of the bush, as in Horeb it burned;
She knows who the hearts of the kings hath in hand,
To turn them, as rivers of water are turned.

To him, for support, and for light to her mind,
She sends up the cries of her soul from the dust;
Then, rising to go to the king, is resigned
To do this and perish, if perish she must.

* * * *

With fasting and tears she is languid and pale;
But o'er her young face beams the sunrise of soul;
And flesh, though but feeble, and ready to fail,
Is urged to its point by the spirit's control.

The *woman* within her is timid and faint;
The *holy believer*, unawed and serene;
She goes to the presence, adorned as a *saint*,
With power that has never invested the *queen*.

* * * *

And now are her people to safety restored —
To peace, and their rights, when resistance had failed:
A woman in weakness, who drew on the Lord
For strength, o'er the mighty of earth hath prevailed.

Fair Jewess, the tears thou hast dropped in the dust,
As pearls, to Jehovah are precious and bright.
The hand, that in sorrow has here been thy trust,
Will crown thee with joy in the kingdom of light.

GONE IN HER BEAUTY.

O! she is gone! the wintry blasts, that sweep
Wild round her mansion, trouble not her sleep:
Gone in her beauty! Fast the drifting snows
Fall cold, but harmless, o'er her deep repose!

Here, in her circle of its gem bereft,
Love hath but tears to fill the place she left.
Sigh calls to sigh, from aching bosoms drawn.
Void gives to void the mournful echo, "*gone!*"

Spring will return, and bring around her door
Sweet opening flowers, their odors there to pour,
Striving to win her forth, who planted them,
Once more to smile that they adorn the stem.

Yet, must they wait her, till they die away:
She was a fairer, lovelier flower than they,
Snapped off in blooming! ere a leaf could fade,
Cast into darkness! wrapped in silent shade!

O! she is gone; and where shall burdened grief
Pour forth her fountains for the soul's relief?
Not to the dust to nourish earthly weeds:
They yield no balsam while the spirit bleeds!

Not unto death let sorrow's waters flow,
But to death's victor may the weeper go!
His risen glory, chasing mortal gloom,
Shows grief a rainbow, bending o'er the tomb.

THE NUN.

Fair penitent, with rosary,
And cross and veil, in gloomy cell,
What guilty deed was done by thee,
To cause thee here immured to dwell?

Come forward, and present thy cause;
That we may clearly judge, and know
If violated human laws
Imprison and afflict thee so:

Or if it be some secret sin,
That haunts thy contrite soul with fears;
And here sequesters thee within
The place of fasting, gloom, and tears?

Art thou the guiltiest of thy race?
Why, thou art human, it is true;
Which is alone enough for grace
To have renewing work to do.

But, can devotion, warm and deep,
Thy duty's bounds so closely set,
That faith may plough, and sow, and reap
By trials shunned, instead of met?

What ray of truth, revealed, would thus
  Make of a tender opening soul
A close, dark blue convolvulus,
  And give its bloom this inward roll?

Dost thou the never-fading crown
  Of life and joy intend to win,
By here supinely sitting down,
  Where others but the race begin?

And dost thou think to gain the palm
  By hiding from thy Saviour's foes;
Or hope in Gilead's sacred balm
  A cure for self-inflicted woes?

I never saw a Nun before;
  And therefore claim indulgence now,
If I presume to question more
  Than courtesy might, else, allow:

As one, then, who in darkness pleads,
  For light, I ask to be informed
How, by a string of pegs and beads,
  A soul is raised, or fed, or warmed.

Tell me, thou sober *cabalist*,
  What is the potent, hidden charm
Hung on that string, or in its twist
  Contorted, for repelling harm?

And is thy spirit kept so faint,
  It cannot mount to God above;
But here must substitute a saint,
  In image, for a heavenly love?

Has He, who lived and died for us —
  Whose gifts are light and liberty,
Left in his Word the *mitimus*
  That here confines and fetters thee?

Does He assign a living tomb
  For souls, endowed with vital grace;
Or need surrounding convent gloom,
  To show the radiance of his face?

And, pensive Nun, now what 's the chart
  That he has drawn, and left below,
That by it every pious heart
  May follow on the Lord to know?

Far from temptation, in retreat,
  Did he consume his earthly days?
With houseless head, and weary feet,
  What were his works? and where his ways?

O! get thy spirit's wings unfurled!
  Hide not thy candle, if 't is lit:
Be *in*, but be not *of* the world,
  If thou wouldst shine to lighten it.

Come out, and show that face demure;
And see, if, smit on either cheek,
Thy righteous soul would then endure
To turn the other, and be meek.

For, let me tell thee, coy recluse,
If we are gold, we must be tried;
If stones, we must be hewn for use,
Or by the builder cast aside.

The axe and chisel, we must bear,
To give us smoothness, shape, and size,
Are in the world — the furnace there;
For Heaven the gold and silver tries.

If we are salt to salt the earth,
Ah, then, our savor, to be known,
Must be diffused; for what's the worth
Of salt *en masse*, boxed up alone?

The touchstone, where we must inquire
If we have safely hid our life,
Is found in pitfall, flood, and fire,
Allurements sweet, and bitter strife.

Come out! behold the billowy seas,
The flowery earth, and shining skies:
Say wherefore God created these;
And then, fair Nun, thy beauteous eyes.

Was it for thee to turn and slight
  The glorious things he spread to view —
To give earth, ocean, air, and light,
  And freedom, for a dismal mew?

O! if beneath some lawless vow
  To man, in self-delusion made,
An heir of heaven is brought to bow,
  That vow were better broke than paid.

What binds thee here? or who shall set
  His name endorsed a pledge for thee,
When Christ has died to pay thy debt,
  And burst the tomb to make thee free?

The world's the great arena, where
  The fight of faith must well be fought,
And each good warrior seen to wear
  The armor for the victory wrought.

How dost thou know but it may be
  Thy foe, thy tempter, who has found
This cunning way to corner thee,
  To keep thee from the battle-ground?

Come forth, thou timid, hampered one,
  And doff that outward, odd disguise,
That cumbers thee, if thou wouldst run,
  Or fight the fight, to win the prize.

Come! from the bushel take thy light,
And give its radiance room to play;
Bind on thy shoes and armor tight,
And up, and to the field away!

TREES FOR THE PILGRIM'S WREATH.

Knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed.
ROMANS v. 3—5.

TRIBULATION, if by loss,
Or by thorny gain, the cross,
Thou art not a barren tree;
Seeds of Patience drop from thee.

Patience, bitter from thy root
Upward, till we reach the fruit,
Thou hast golden grains to sow,
Whence Experience full shall grow.

Broad Experience, rank and dark;
Thick in leaves, and rough in bark;
Through thy dubious shade we grope,
Till we grasp the bough of Hope.

Hope, we 're not ashamed, with thee
Showered by drops from Calvary,
When thy branches shoot and bloom
Through a Saviour's broken tomb.

Trees, whereof the pilgrim weaves
For his crown the mingled leaves,
Wreaths of you are rich and bright;
Earth 's the shade, and heaven 's the light.

THE MUSHROOM'S SOLILOQUY.

O WHAT, and whence am I, 'mid damps and dust,
And darkness, into sudden being thrust?
What was I yesterday? and what will be,
Perchance, to-morrow, seen or heard of me?

Poor, lone, unfriended, ignorant, forlorn,
To bear the new, full glory of the morn,
Beneath the garden wall I stand aside,
With all before me, beauty, show, and pride.

Ah! why did nature shoot me up to light,
A thing unfit for use — unfit for sight;
Less like her work, than like a piece of art,
Whirled out and trimmed exact in every part?

Unlike the graceful shrub and flexile vine,
No fruit, nor branch, nor leaf, nor bud is mine.
No humming-bird, nor butterfly, nor bee
Will come to cheer, caress or flatter me.

No beauteous flower adorns my humble head,
No spicy odors on the air I shed;
But here I'm stationed in my sober suit,
With only top and stem — I've scarce a root.

Untaught of my beginning and my end,
I know not whence I sprang, or where I tend;
Yet, I will wait and trust, and ne'er presume
To question JUSTICE — I, a frail Mushroom!

THE SPIRIT AND THE MOUNTAIN.

Mountain, with thy firm old foot
  Fast beside the sea,
What was in thy keeping put,
  Prisoned under thee?

"Hark, and hear the shuddering ground!
  Feel it rock and quake!
Struggling fires, beneath me bound,
  Strive their chains to break."

Mountain, with a cloudy vest
  Girded o'er thy heart,
Does it pierce thine aged breast,
  When its lightnings dart?

"No:—beneath me far, the crash
  Of the bolt is felt:
Here, the fiery chain and flash
  But adorn my belt."

Mountain, with a snowy crown
  Stainless on thy brow,
Wilt thou never cast it down—
  Never, never bow?

"When the mandate I shall hear
  From my Maker's throne,
I will bow and disappear,
  Hence to be unknown."

Mountain, holding proud and high
  Thine old hoary head,
What is written on the sky,
  Thou so long hast read?

"Brighter than the stars and sun
  Shining over me,
I behold the name of ONE
  Thou must die to see!"

Mountain, bold thine eloquence —
  Glowing is thy speech;
Mighty import flashes thence;
  What is it to teach?

"Thoughts of Him, before whose breath
  I shall melt away;
While of thee, soul — spirit, death
  Ne'er shall quench a ray!"

THE FALL OF THE STATUE.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

This declaration [of Independence] was received by the people with transports of joy. Public rejoicings took place in various parts of the Union. In New York, the statue of George III. was taken down; and the lead, of which it was composed, was converted into musket-balls.

GOODRICH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THERE stood in New York, when, the times growing warm,
All o'er our fair country had gathered the storm,
Which wore in its coming, so fearful a form,
But left us the rainbow of peace,
An image of royalty, stately and proud —
A leaden old king, where his votaries bowed;
While true friends of Liberty marked it, and vowed
That its honors should speedily cease.

And when our brave statesmen the article signed,
Declaring us free, with pure freedom of mind,
Columbia's true sons, feeling strongly inclined
To learn how the statue was based,
Assembled forthwith; and, besieging it, found
That the king in head, body and limb was quite sound,
And had of good lead in him many a pound,
Which might be more usefully placed.

Then, "Down with the ponderous George the
Third!"
From a mingling of voices together, was heard,
With shoutings aloud, as they gave out the word,
"Down with it! let it come down!
We'll soon transform his grave highness of lead,
And turn him to balls from the feet to the head;
And then shall the mouths of our muskets be fed
With him of the throne and the crown.

"So now for the fall! for our Sages have met,
And their names to a broad Declaration have set,
That they are resolved, from this moment, to get
Of the king independent and free;
And to give by their valor a nation her birth,
Or to empty their veins, a free gift to the earth,
In Liberty's name, to betoken her worth
To us and the millions to be.

"Columbia's wrongs have gone to the skies;
'T is time that her blood and her spirit should rise
Above her oppressors, till tyranny flies,
And leaves her unfettered, to bear
The flag of a nation instead of a chain —
The palm of her triumph, 'mid weakness and pain,
O'er them that were mighty, but struggled in vain
To force her their shackles to wear.

"And, no leaden monarch will we have to stand
Proclaiming our vassalage here, in the land
Of lovely Manhattan! We'll each lend a hand

To give him a jerk or a pull,
And flat to the ground, in a trice, as we bring
His dignified form, it shall merrily ding,
To sound all around how we honor the king,
And pay our respects to John Bull.

"This, this is the season for trying men's souls,
The nerves of their arms, and the worth of their polls!
So, we 'll have his Majesty *over the coals*,
And make him the first that shall *run:*
When, heated to melting, he hides in the mould,
We 'll hold him there still, till new-shapen and cold;
Then, off he shall go, like a tale that is told,
In the voice of the thundering gun!

"The discomposed Sovereign with us shall unite,
And fly at his friends for our cause in the fight,
To scatter his subjects — to purchase our right —
The land of oppression to clear.
And he, to whom, whizzing, his monarch shall come,
In the form of a ball, 'mid the noise of the drum,
The flashes and smoke, will have finished the sum
Of his deeds as a royalist here!"

Then, flat to the earth was his Eminence cast!
The dust rose above him, and mounted the blast,
While a bevy of Rome's feathered sentinels passed,

Raised their wings, and huzzaed as he fell!
But, how the proud royalist felt, when the lead
Of his late British Majesty came at his head,
While some dropped before it, and some turned
and fled,
Is more than a *Yankee* can tell.

THE BIRD'S MATERNAL CARE.

The following is but versified statement of a touching, literal fact that occurred not long since a few rods from my own door.

A SHADOWY tree, that grew beside
  Its city owner's door,
Its branches threw so high and wide,
That many a bird could sing, and hide
  Among the leaves it bore.

A robin came, and built her nest
  In that green rustling tree.
At evening, there she sank to rest
And furled her weary wings, as blest
  As little bird could be.

Upon her side her drowsy head,
  Beneath her folded wing,
She pillowed, while the night-hours fled:
When morning flushed the east with red,
  She 'd wake, and mount, and sing.

Five pretty eggs of azure hue,
  In that soft nest she laid.
So clear and vivid was their blue,
Like polished balls they shone to view,
  Of purest sapphire made.

And many a day she brooded o'er
  Those treasures, till they grew,
In what the shells contained before,
To something different — something more —
  Young birds came peeping through!

Five little baby birds were there,
  In that fond robin's nest,
All callow; and their mother's care
Was now to find their daily fare,
  And shield them with her breast.

Her tiny game, or berries ripe
  From some far distant stem
She 'd bring them; then her beak she 'd wipe,
And sit upon a twig, and pipe
  A mother's tune to them.

At length, the owner of the tree
  One dismal, stormy day,
His window from the shade to free,
The better in his room to see,
  Some branches lopped away.

He dropped the very bough that hung
  A curtain o'er the nest.
The sun burnt through the clouds, and flung
His fire the helpless brood among,
  Till they were sore oppressed.

Their tender mother then was seen
To stand on weary feet,
Where now they missed the leafy green,
With one wing raised her babes to screen
From sultry noontide heat.

And, patient there, she day by day,
Upon her nest's round edge,
Stood up to keep the sun away,
While, shaded thus, her nestlings lay
Till time their forms could fledge.

Then, when the master of the tree
Beheld what love and care
Within a mother bird could be,
He wished in vain that he could see
The bough still living there.

Thus, thoughtless we may often pain
Or grieve a feeling heart,
Wherein the anguish must remain,
While we may wish, but wish in vain,
To lay or lull the smart.

A good destroyed 's a fearful thing,
And so 's a good undone!
We, serving self, on self may bring
A heavier ill — a keener sting
Than what we sought to shun.

'T is little acts of good or ill,
That make our vast account.
No *one*, though great, does *all* God's will.
Small drops the caves of ocean fill;
And sands compose the mount.

SONG.

Little bird, little bird, with thy beautiful eye,
  Looking as if 't were cut out of a star,
How do I know but it once was on high,
  Beaming through evening, sublime from afar?

I cannot say what thy Maker divine,
  When he composed thee an optic so bright,
Making the skill of his finger to shine,
  Drew from those high upper regions of light.

Little bird, little bird, with thy spirit-like wings,
  Fleet as the air, — as the rainbow in hues,
How can I tell but the Ruler of kings
  Formed them by those his blest ministers use?

Were not the fancy-like tints of thy plume,
  Was not the delicate down of thy breast,
Caught from the flowers that in Paradise bloom,—
  Plucked from the couch where the weary ones
    rest?

Little bird, little bird, with thy musical voice
  Tuned like a seraph's, deep, flowing, and clear,
Was not thy melody, touching and choice,
  Taught by some angel, who visited here?

What, what, pretty fairy ! so soon must thou go,
  Fleet as a vision, without a reply,
Just like all other bright treasures below,
  Charming a moment, to change or to fly ?

THE WHITE MOTH.

Beware, pretty Moth, so unsullied and white,
Beware of the lamp's dazzling rays!
It is not a drop of the sun! but a light
That shines to allure little rovers by night;
Away! there is death in the blaze.

O why didst thou come from thy covert of green,
The vine, round my window so bright;
And pop in to know what was here to be seen,
Forsaking thy shield, and escaping thy screen,
And hazarding life by the flight?

The down on thy limbs and thy bosom so pure
That flame would most fatally singe:
And nothing thy beautiful wings can insure
From harm and from pain beyond mending or cure,
If caught by their delicate fringe.

Return, giddy wanderer, safe to the vine;
And breathe in the fresh evening air;
Go, look at the stars, as they twinkle and shine;
And cling to a leaf, or the tendrils that twine,
My soft little eavesdropper, there!

And then, by a song I will sing, thou shalt know,
Why thus I have lifted my arm
To scare thee away from thy luminous foe,
That threw out its beams, as a snare, and a show
To tempt the unwary to harm.

For, I through the day, have been guarded by One,
Who, greater and wiser than I,
Has pitied my frailty; and forced me to shun
Illusive temptations, where I might have run
The peril of sporting to die.

'T was kindness from Him, to whose care I commend
Myself through the darkness of night,
That taught me so quick to come in, as a friend,
Between thee and evil, thy life to defend;
Pretty Moth, so unsullied and white.

EDWARD AND CHARLES.

The brothers went out with their father to ride,
Where they looked for the flowers, that, along the way-side,
So lately were blooming and fair;
But their delicate heads by the frost had been nipped;
Their stalks by the blast were all twisted and stripped;
And nothing but ruin was there.

"Oh! how the rude autumn has spoiled the green hills!"
Exclaimed little Charles, "and has choked the bright rills
With leaves that are faded and dead!
The few on the trees are fast losing their hold,
And leaving the branches so naked and cold,
That the beautiful birds have all fled."

"I know," replied Edward, "the country has lost
A great many charms by the touch of the frost,
Which used to appear to the eye;
But then, it has opened the chestnut-burr too,
The walnut released from the case where it grew;
And now is our *Thanksgiving* nigh!

"Oh! what do you think we shall do on that day?"
"I guess," answered Charles, "we shall all go away

To Grandpa's; and there find enough
Of turkeys, plum-puddings, and pies by the dozens,
For Grandpa' and Grandma', aunts, uncles and cousins;
And at night we'll all play blind-man's-buff.

"Perhaps we'll get Grandpa' to tell us some stories
About the old times, with their *Wigs* and their *Tories;*
And what sort of men they could be;
When some spread their tables without any cloth,
With basins and spoons, and the fuming bean-broth,
Which they took for their coffee and tea.

"They 'd queer kind of sights, I have heard Grandma' say,
About in their streets; for, if not every day,
At least it was nothing uncommon,
To see them pile on the poor back of one horse
A saddle and *pillion;* and what was still worse,
Up mounted a man and a woman!

"The lady held on by the driver; and so,
Away about town at full trot would they go;
Or perhaps to a great country marriage —
To Thanksgiving-supper — to husking, or ball;
Or quilting; for thus did they take nearly all
Their rides, on an animal carriage.

"I know not what *huskings* and *quiltings* may be;
But Grandma' will tell; and perhaps let us see

Some things, she has, long laid away : —
That stiff damask gown, with its sharp-pointed
waist,
The hoop, the craped-cushion, and buckles of paste,
Which they wore in her grandparents' day.

"She says they had buttons as large as our dollars,
To wear on their coats with their square, standing
collars:
And then, there 's a droll sort of hat,
Which Mary once fixed me one like, out of paper,
And said she believed 't was called, *three-cornered scraper;*
Perhaps, too, she 'll let us see that.

"Oh! a glorious time we shall have! If they knew
At the South, what it is, I guess they 'd have one
too;
But I have heard somebody say,
That, there, they call all the New England folks
Bumpkins,
Because we eat puddings, and pies made of pumpkins,
And have our good Thanksgiving-day."

"I think, brother Charles," returned Edward, "at
least,
That they might go to church, if they don't like
the feast;

For to me it is much the best part,
To hear the sweet anthems of praise, that we give
To Him, on whose bounty we constantly live: —
It is feasting the ear and the heart.

"From Him, who has brought us another year round,
Who gives every blessing, wherewith we are crowned,
Their gratitude who can withhold?
And now how I wish I could know all the poor
Their Thanksgiving-stores had already secure,
Their fuel, and clothes for the cold!"

"I 'm glad," said their father, "to hear such a wish;
But wishes alone, can fill nobody's dish,
Or clothe them, or build them a fire.
And now I will give you the money, my sons,
Which I promised, you know, for your drum and your guns,
To spend in the way you desire."

The brothers went home, thinking o'er by the way,
For how many comforts this money might pay,
In something for clothing or food:
At length they resolved, if their mother would spend it
For what she thought best, they would get her to send it
Where she thought it would do the most good.

MUSIC OF THE CRICKETS.

I CANNOT to the city go,
  Where all in sound and sight,
Declares that nature does not know,
  Or do a thing aright.
To granite wall, and tower, and dome
  My heart could never cling;
Its simple strings are tied to home—
  To where the crickets sing.

I 'm certain I was never made
  To run a city race,
Along a human palisade,
  That 's ever shifting place.
The bustle, fashion, art and show
  Were each a weary thing;
Amid them, I should sigh to go
  And hear the crickets sing.

If there, I might no longer be
  Myself, as now I seem,
But lose my own identity,
  And walk, as in a dream;
Or else, with din and crowd oppressed,
  I 'd wish for sparrow's wing,
To fly away, and be at rest,
  Where free the crickets sing.

The fire-fly, rising from the grass
A winged and living light,
I would not give for all the gas,
That spoils their city sight.
Not all the pomp and etiquette
Of citizen or king,
Shall make my rustic heart forget
The song, the crickets sing.

I find in hall and gallery,
Their figures tame and faint,
To my wild bird, and brook, and tree,
Without a touch of paint.
And from the sweetest instrument
Of pipe, or key, or string,
I'd turn away, and feel content
To hear the crickets sing.

O! who could paint the placid moon,
That's beaming through the bough
Of yon high elm, or play the tune,
That sounds beneath it now?
Not all the silver of the mine,
Nor human power could bring
Another moon like her to shine,
Or make a cricket sing.

I know that, when the crickets trill
Their plaintive strains by night,
They tell us that, from vale and hill,
The summer takes her flight.

And were there no renewing Power,
'T would be a mournful thing,
To think of fading leaf and flower;
And hear the crickets sing.

But, why should change with sadness dim
Our eye, when thought can range
Through time and space, and fly to him,
Who is without a change?
For he, who meted out the year,
Will give another spring:
He rolls at once the shining sphere,
And makes the cricket sing.

And when another autumn strips
The summer leaves away,
If cold and silent be the lips
That breathed and moved to-day,
The time I've passed with nature's God
Will cause no spirit sting,
Though I've adored him from the sod
Whereon the crickets sing.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.

Give me back, give me back but my one infant dream,
As it passed on the turf by my dear native stream,
Where I slept from my play, while the wind tossed my hair,
Till its ringlets, unbound, clasped the violets there.

O return, fleeting time, the soft moments that flew
By the calm sinking sun, and the fall of the dew,
When, refreshing as light, and as dew to the flower
O'er my young spirit came the blest dream of that hour!

I remember the song of the bird, and the breeze
With the perfumes it swept from the bloom of the trees,
As my eyes gently closed; but the visions that stole
Through my fancy's green bowers, come no more to my soul!

They were sweet but to pass, as the odors that fled
From the young flowers I crushed, while they pillowed my head;
And like them, when they flew on the wings of the air,
They are gone, and have left not a trace to tell where!

They were clear as the sun in his mild, setting rays;
They were pure as the stars, soon to kindle and
blaze;
But they 're gone! I have lost the dear dream of
that sleep,
As a bright planet drowned in the vast ether deep.

Yet the face of my mother, through tears as she
smiled,
When she found, gently raised, and led home her
lost child —
I shall see that loved face by time's stream ever-
more,
Till I follow her home, where life's dreamings
are o'er.

THE FRUIT-TREE BLOSSOM.

My flower, thou art as sweet to me,
  Thy form as full and fair —
As rich a fruit shall follow thee,
As if thou hadst denied the bee
The pure and precious gift, that he
  Wafts joyous through the air.

The spices from thy bosom flow
  As freely round thee now,
As if withheld an hour ago.
Bestowing, thou canst still bestow;
Though, whence thy gifts thou may'st not know,
  Or giving, tell me how.

And future good, we yet shall find,
  Was hidden in thy heart;
Its witness shall be left behind,
When thou like all thy tender kind,
Thy minutes summed, shalt be resigned
  Forever to depart.

Thy ruin I would not forestall;
  Yet soon, I know, to thee
Must come, what happens once to all: —
Thy life will fail, and thou must fall —
Must fade and perish, past recall,
  To vanish from the tree.

Then, on the bough where thou wast sent
To pass thy fleeting days,
At work for which thine hours were lent,
In silent, balmy, mild content,
A rich and shining monument
To thee will nature raise.

Now, not in pride — in purpose high,
Awhile in beauty shine;
And speak, through man's admiring eye,
Forbidding every passer by
To wish to live, or dare to die
With object less than thine.

THE PLYMOUTH APPLE DECLINED.

Visiting at the house of a friend in Boston, I was shown an apple which he told me had been sent to him from Plymouth, and was the fruit of a tree that was planted by Peregrine White, the first child born of Pilgrim parents in New England. I praised the apple for its beauty, and the venerable associations connected with it. He wished me to keep it; but, as he had no other of the tree, I declined the gift.

I WANTED the apple, when offered to me
By its generous owner, but thought it not right
To take it, because it had grown on a tree,
That sprang from a seed sown by PEREGRINE WHITE.
And he, who thus proffered it, had none beside it;
While diffidence checked the words,—"Let us divide it."

Now Peregrine White was the first *white*, you know,
Who drew his first breath in New England—the child,
Whose parents were making to bud and to blow,
With its earliest blossoms, America's wild:
But he with the fruit never questioned me, whether
We might partake of the apple together.

Though a fabled divinity once had let fall
An apple of gold, where his favorites thronged,
Inscribed, "Of the fair, to the fairest of all!"
It was not to me this whole apple belonged:

My friend was no god — and then I, but a woman;
I thought that to halve it were just about human.

The whole I declined; still I did not deny
A wish that, unuttered, was strong in my heart;
And from it *entire*, while averting my eye,
I own I was secretly coveting *part;*
And had he divided the offering presented,
Preserving one half, I had come off contented.

Had Solomon been there to put in a word,
His wisdom had brought the debate to an end,
Deciding at once, by the edge of his sword,
This contest of kindness between friend and friend:
Yet he with the apple was quite too short-sighted
To see how I might in a half have delighted.

I hope that next autumn he 'll go where it grew,
And, if not forbidden the fruit, that he 'll reach
And pluck a fair apple, then cut it in two,
And tell me at once that *a half is for each.*
Of friendship's best gift how the worth may be lightened
By having it whole, when, if shared, how 't were heightened!

THE HALF APPLE.

A year after the foregoing poem was written, a nice little casket was sent me, at the distance of thirty-five miles, which, on opening, I found to contain the half of an apple like the one I had seen the previous autumn.

The half of an apple, well-flavored and fair,
Which shows by division such soundness of heart,
I gratefully hold; and acknowledge the care
And kindness of him, who retains t' other part.

The fruit, that would perish, I taste with delight,
The seed taking out to lay cautiously by,
Because it encloses, concealed from my sight,
An emblem of that, which in us cannot die.

Its elements, when 't is laid low in the earth,
If good, will arise in fresh verdure and bloom;
As man's deathless soul seeks the world of its birth,
When what it once dwelt in lies dark in the tomb.

The little memento I 'll hide in the ground,
For Nature, its mother, to tenderly rear;
And bright be its blossoms — its fruit fair and sound,
When I and the giver no more shall be here!

For, when I depart, and some good, living deed
  Would fain leave behind, in remembrance of me,
At least, be it said that I planted a seed,
  That others might gather the fruit from the tree!

THE HORTICULTURIST'S TABLE-HYMN.

From him, who was lord of the fruits and the flowers,
That in Paradise grew, ere he lost its possession —
Who breathed in the balm, and reposed in the bowers
Of our garden ancestral, we claim our profession.
And fruits rich and bright
Bless our taste and our sight
As e'er gave our father in Eden delight:
Our fount clear as that, which he drank from, here flows;
Where green grows the myrtle, and blushing the rose.

While some sit in clouds but to murmur, or grieve
That earth has her wormwood, her pitfalls, and brambles;
We smile, and go forth her rich gifts to receive,
Where the boughs drop their purple and gold on our rambles.
Untiring and free,
As we work, like the bee,
We bear off a sweet from each plant, shrub, and tree:
Where some gather thorns but to torture the flesh,
Ripe clusters we pluck, and our spirits refresh.

Yet, not to self only, we draw from the soil
The treasures that Heaven in its vitals hath hidden;
For thus to lock up the fair fruits of our toil
Were bliss half possessed, and a sin all forbidden.
Like morning's first ray,
When it spreads into day,
Our hearts must flow out, until self melts away!
Our joys, in the bosoms around us when sown,
Spring up and bloom out, throwing sweets to our own.

And this makes the world all a garden to us,
Where He, who has walled it, his glory is shedding:
His smile is its sun; and beholding it thus,
We gratefully feast, while his bounty is spreading.
Our spirits grow bright
As they bathe in his light,
That beams on the board where in joy we unite:
And the sparks, which we take to enkindle our mirth,
Are blessings from heaven showering down on the earth.

And now that we meet, and the chain is of *flowers*,
Which binds us together, may sadness ne'er blight them,
Till those, who *must* break from a compact like ours,
Ascend where the ties of the blest reunite them!

May each, who is here,
At the banquet appear,
Where Life fills the wine-cup, and Love makes it clear;
And Gilead's balm in its freshness shall flow
On the wounds, which the *pruning-knife* gave us below!

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Thou mournful bird, when shadows fell
At yester-eve on hill and dell,
I heard thee of thy sorrows tell;
And, as the dews distil,
Again, amid this twilight gray,
I hear thee pour thy solemn lay,
With only one sad thing to say,
Still crying, "Whip-poor-will."

O who has grieved thee, gentle bird,
That now thy vesper note is heard
And with thy melting, triple word
Thus dropping from thy bill?
How could they rudely whip at thee,
To scare thee from thy native tree,
And send thee moaning back to me
Repeating, "Whip-poor-will?"

And wherefore did they whip thee so,
To give thy voice this sound of wo,
Which comes so plaintively to show
That they have used thee ill?
Didst thou go through the woods alone,
Where brambly snares had thickly grown
When thou wast taught thy piteous tone
And story, "Whip-poor-will?"

There have they made thee all the day
In silence hide thyself away,
To lose the light, the flash, the play
  Of sun, and fount, and rill?
And didst thou now steal out, afraid
Of midnight in the coppice shade,
That here thy tender plaint is made
  Again, sad Whip-poor-will?

The trembling stars and lunar gleam,
That fitful in the thicket beam,
Perhaps would make poor Willie dream
  His foes were round him still.
And in the copse-wood, dark and deep,
A waving flower, or leaflet's sweep
Might startle thee, in troubled sleep
  To murmur, "Whip-poor-will!"

My bird, there 's mystery in thy strain —
A power I might resist in vain,
With mournful joy — with pleasing pain
  My inmost soul to thrill.
'T is memory stirs to wet my eye
By waking shades of days gone by,
When first, a child, I heard the cry
  So solemn, "Whip-poor-will."

I call thee bird, yet thou may'st be
A spirit! for I cannot see —
I ne'er could catch a glimpse of thee;

And undiscovered still
The vision form, that might appear,
Wert thou to sight revealed as clear,
As is thy presence to mine ear,
Mysterious Whip-poor-will.

THE AUTUMN ROSE-BUD.

Come out, pretty Rose-Bud, my lone, timid one!
Come forth from thy green leaves, and peep at the sun;
For little he does, in these dull autumn hours,
At height'ning of beauty, or laughing with flowers.

His beams, on thy tender young cheek as he plays,
Will give it a blush that no other can raise;
Thy fine silken petals they 'll softly unfold,
And fill their pure centre with spices and gold.

I would not instruct thee in coveting wealth;
But beauty, we know, is the offspring of health;
And health, the fair daughter of freedom, is bright
With feasting on breezes, and drinking the light.

Then come, pretty bud; from thy covert look out,
And see what the glad, golden sun is about:
His shafts, should they strike thee, will only impart
A grace to thy form, and a sweet to thy heart.

TO L. A. E. ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

THAT I *will* "be near" on thy "bridal day"—
Be with thee before we are ten hours older,
This hasty messenger comes to say,
And bringing its witness,—a pearly *folder*.

And this, perhaps, as a pointed sign,
By the light upon Hymen's altar burning,
May signify, to a heart like thine,
"What a leaf to-day in thy life is turning!"

May the lines for thy future reading there,
With no sad characters dark or frowning,
In every letter be bright and fair,
To thee and to him thou to-day art crowning.

Accept the token, and let it prove,
As long as thou hence shalt remain its owner,
When thou must be at a far remove
From her, memorial of the donor.

Thou 'lt see engraved on its handle-part,
The form of a pen, with its top of feather—
A type of the wings that heart and heart
May find, when absent, to fly together.

I send thee an opening, thornless rose,
  Harmless and soft as the peaceful turtle;
With an emerald sprig from a branch that grows
  On the single stalk of my true green myrtle.

I bound them about with a silver thread;
  But, ere thy hand is the cord untwining,
The rose will have drooped, or its leaves be shed,
  While the myrtle still is freshly shining.

But I *will* "be near" in thy bridal hour,
  This, "Wednesday, evening, at half past seven,"
And give at the nuptials my holier dower,—
  A prayer for a smile on them from Heaven.

TO MRS. H. F. L.

To think of thee, my Hannah —
To sit and think of thee,
Is to my heart like manna,
Or balsam from the tree.

For, first, its tendrils feeding,
It gives them strength to cling;
And then, if pained or bleeding,
It soothes the wound or sting.

To thine, a fount of feeling
The warmest and the best,
'T is sweet to seem revealing
The secrets of my breast.

Of half its care and trouble,
My bosom, thus beguiled,
Feels every joy is double,
When on it thou hast smiled.

'T is dark and stormy weather —
Our first October day;
But we are here together,
Though thou art far away.

For still I feel thee near me —
I see thy soft black eye —
I fancy thou canst hear me,
And I thy sweet reply.

And yet, my friend, my dearest,
This moment, where art thou?
What envied eye is nearest,
To look upon thee now?

Is thine own Hannah present,
In spirit, still with thee?
And dost thou find it pleasant
To feel alone with me?

Then we are never parted!
Nor distance, place, nor scene,
The whole and faithful-hearted
Shall ever come between.

And when earth's changeful weather,
Its joys and sorrows cease,
O may we dwell together
In deathless love and peace!

MUSIC.

Music? A blessed angel! She was born
Within the palace of the King of kings —
A favorite near his throne. In that glad child
Of Love and Joy, he made their spirits one;
And her, the heir to everlasting life!
When his bright hosts would give him highest
praise,
They send her forward with her dulcet voice,
To pour their holy rapture in his ear.
When the young earth to being started forth,
Music lay sleeping in a bower of heaven.
A crystal fountain, close beside her, gushed
With living waters; and the sparkling cup
For her pure draught, stood on its emerald brink.
While o'er her brow a tender halo shone,
Kissed by the nodding buds, her head reclined
Upon a flowery pillow. At her ear,
The soft leaves whispered. On her half-closed lips
The gentle air strewed spices, wooing them.
Dropped o'er its radiant orb, the long-fringed lid
Veiled the deep inspiration of her eye;
But on her cheek the rose-tint came and went,
At the quick pulse that fluttered in her breast,
And spoke a wakeful spirit. In her sleep,
With one fair hand thrown o'er its silent strings,
Close to her heart she clasped her golden lyre,
To slumber with her, while she fondly dreamed

Of the sweet uses she might make of it
To numbers yet untried.
When, suddenly,
A shout of joy from all the sons of God,
Rang through his courts: and then the thrilling call,
"Wake! sister Music, wake, and hail with us,
A new-created sphere!"
She woke! She rose —
She moved among the morning stars, and gave
The birth-song of a world.
Our infant globe,
With life's first pulse, rolled in its ether bed,
Robed with the sunlight, mantled by the moon,
Or tenderly embraced by stellar rays:
Death, with his pale, cold finger, had not touched
Its beauty then. No stain of guilt was here,
And so, no cloud of sorrow cast a shade,
Or rained its bitter drops on fruit or flower.
As earth, on every side, shone fair to heaven,
Not knowing yet whereto she was ordained,
Music, from her celestial walks looked down,
And thought, how sweetly she could wake the hills,
Sing through the silent forests — in the vales —
Beside the silver waters pour her sounds;
And multiply her numbers by the rocks!
She longed to give it voice to speak to God;
And, being told of her blest ministry,
Bathed in a flood of glory, till her wings
Dripped with effulgence, as they spread, and poised,
And passed the pearly gates in earthward flight.

Made viewless by the circumambient air,
And scattering voices to its feathered tribes,
As down she hastened to the shining sphere,
The happy angel reached the beauteous earth.
At her electric touch, young nature smiled,
And kindled into rapture; then broke forth
With thousand, thousand songs.
The green turf woke;
The sea-shells hummed along the vocal shore,
The busy bee, upon his honeyed flower.
Osier and reed became Eolian lyres.
Trees bore sweet minstrels; while rock, hill, and dell
Sang to each other in a joyous round.
Man, that mysterious instrument of God,
When the warm soul of new-descended power
Breathed on his heart-strings, lifted up his voice,
Chanting, "Jehovah!"
Since that blessed hour,
While still her home is heaven, Music has ne'er
This darkened world forsaken. She delights,
Though man may lose, or keep the paths of peace,
To soothe, to cheer, to light and warm his heart;
And lends her wings to waft it to the skies.
She throws a lustre o'er Devotion's face —
Drinks off the tear from Sorrow's languid eye —
Tames wild Despair — brings Hope a brighter bloom —
Lulls Hate to rest — Love's ruffled bosom smooths;
Pours honey into many a bitter cup;
And often gives the black and heavy hour

A downy breast and pinions tipped with light.
She steals all balmy through the prisoner's grates,
Making that sad one half forget their use.
With holy spell she binds the exile's heart,
And pours her oil upon its hidden wounds.
Kings are her lovers — cottagers her loves:
The hero and the pilgrim walk with her.
Her voice is sweet by cradled infancy,
And from the pillow of the dying saint,
When a glad spirit borrows her light wings
To practise for the skies, ere it unfolds
Its own, and breaks its tenure to the clay.
True, by man's wanderings for his tempter's lure,
Music is often drawn to scenes unmeet
For purity like hers; and made to bear
Unhallowed burdens; or, to join in rites
To turpitude in fellest places held.
Yet, like the sun, whose beaming vesture, trailed
O'er all things staining, still defies a stain;
And is at night withdrawn, and girded up,
Warm and untarnished for the morning skies —
She comes unsullied from her baser walks,
Sighs at the darkness, guilt and wo of earth;
Breathes Zion's air, and, warmed with heavenly fire,
Mounts to her glorious home!
'T was she, who bore
The first grand offering of the free, on high,
When to the shore, through Egypt's solemn sea,

The franchised Hebrews passed with feet dry-shod,
And pæans gave to their Deliverer there.
She cheered the wanderers on; and when they crossed
Over old Jordan, to the strong-armed foe,
Still she was with them; and her single breath
Laid the proud Painim's city-walls in dust!
In native light, she walked Judea's hills,
And sipped the dew of Hermon from its flower
Before the Sun of righteousness arose.
The Prophet chose her to unseal his lips,
Ere God spake through them; and the Prophetess,
To lift the heart's pure gift from her's to Heaven.
When Israel's king was troubled, her soft hand
Put close, but gently, to his gloomy breast,
Reached the dark spirit there, and laid it still,
Bound by the chords a shepherd minstrel swept.
And since, her countless thousands she has brought
To heaven's mild kingdom, happy captives led,
By those sweet glowing strings of David's lyre.
But oh! her richest, dearest notes to man,
In strains aerial over Bethlehem poured,
When He, whose brightness is the light of heaven,
To earth descending for a mortal's form,
Laid by his glory, save one radiant mark,
That moved through space, and o'er the infant hung,
He summoned Music to attend him here,
Announcing peace below!
He called her, too,
To sweeten that sad supper, and to twine
Her mantle round him, and his few, grieved friends

To join their mournful spirits with the hymn,
Ere to the Mount of Olives he went out
So sorrowful.
And now, his blessed word,
A sacred pledge, is left to dying man,
Then at his second coming in his power,
Music shall still be with him; and her voice
Sound through the tombs and wake the dead to life!

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